THE Nation

VOLUME 144 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • MAY 29, 1937 NUMBER 22

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The Shape of Things

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THE PRESIDENT'S PROPOSAL FOR A FORTY-hour maximum week, a forty-cent minimum wage, and the exclusion from interstate commerce of articles manufactured in sweatshops or by child labor may, as Robert Allen indicates elsewhere in this issue, be a tactical maneuver in the Supreme Court fight, but it is nevertheless of great social importance. Most New Deal legislation in the field of labor has contained a large proportion of unsound practice along with highly desirable objectives. This is not true of the present proposal. The flexibility which is necessary in the enforcement of maximum-hour and minimum-wage legislation is afforded by the special apprenticeship regulations and provision for such seasonal and industrial variations as are demanded by special conditions. A forty-hour week, or even a thirty-five-hour week, would be technically far more defensible than the thirty-hour week proposed in the Black-Connery bill. Most large industries are now operating on approximately a forty-hour schedule, and a slight change would not greatly affect production or increase industrial costs. Some objection to minimum-wage legislation has been raised in labor quarters on the ground that minimum standards tend to become maximum standards as well. This doubtless happens, and it can be remedied only by aggressive labor action. But it should not blind us to the necessity of adopting legislation for the protection of the thousands of men and women whose present wages fall far below the amount necessary to preserve a decent standard of living.

*

THE NEGRIN GOVERNMENT HAS RECEIVED unexpectedly strong support from political and trade-union organizations—both Anarchist and U. G. T.—in all parts of the country, Catalonia included. Thus encouraged, it has briskly cut away the red tape and cobwebs that had accumulated in the war machine. Several old army men and other persons who had forfeited the trust of their coworkers have been superseded by new appointees with military ability and of undoubted loyalty. One of these, Fernandez Bolanes, an old Socialist, left New York several days ago to become Assistant Minister of War, and General Rojo has been given additional powers as Chief of Staff. Concentration of army authority and a single command for all fronts, frequently urged in recent months, at last seem on the point of emerging.

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In true Spanish fashion there is widespread public discussion of an early Loyalist offensive. The strong pressure on Toledo and the definite, if slow, advance on the Guadalajara front in the direction of Saragossa may be the beginning of this event. News reaches us of a plan to organize a giant Loyalist army of half a million soldiers. Perhaps much-needed help will now be sent to Bilbao. On that front Mola appears to have sacrificed a large proportion of his numerically weak forces in preliminary pushes. The Basques at last have a few airplanes, and they have begun to work. The morale of the city is excellent. It is still possible that Bilbao will not fall.

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SOME FOUR THOUSAND BASQUE CHILDREN, refugees from Spain's civil war, many of them fresh from the horror of Guernica and other towns bombed by German airmen, have arrived in England, where they have become the objects of touching care on the part of the British government and various social organizations. The United States, with twenty-one million Catholics, has so far shown no comparable eagerness to take a quota of children. A small beginning has been made through the American Board of Guardians for Basque Refugee Children, which has headquarters at 20 Vesey Street, New York. Already offers of financial help and adoption are coming in. The attitude of the State Department is still ambiguous. A request that 500 Basque children be admitted was met by a formal acknowledgment and the astonishing statement that the decision would be left to the American consul in Paris. But it is unthinkable that the government should actually interfere with a move to rescue these children. Here is a cause in which progressive friends of Spain, Catholic charitable organizations, and government agencies might well work together. France and England are doing their share and have demonstratively sent their ships to protect transports carrying the children. The Scandinavian countries have also volunteered to help. Rich America cannot do less.

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ALIQUIPPA, PENNSYLVANIA, DESERVES THE honor of being the scene of the first big election in the steel industry under the Wagner Labor Relations Act. And Aliquippa, after thirty years of company unions, company houses, company stool pigeons, and a company dictatorship fortunately outside the experience of most Americans, did itself proud by voting two to one for the C. I. O. The wonder is that the majority was not larger, for the men of Aliquippa were voting not only for the right to join an independent union but for free speech and the privilege of calling their souls their own. Aside from its human significance for the inhabitants of one company town, the Jones and Laughlin election has wide significance as the first major test of strength between the Steel Workers' Organization and the independent companies which make about 40 per cent of the country's steel. The other independents are known to be embarrassed by the C. I. O. valentine that Jones and Laughlin have just received from their 27,000 employees. Crucible has already accepted the verdict and signed a contract. It will soon be made clear whether the other diehards will persist in their stiff-necked opposition or submit gracefully to what seems now happily inevitable—complete unionization of steel.

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ALTHOUGH PASSAGE OF THE RELIEF BILL IN the House with an appropriation of $1,500,000,000 for the next fiscal year is being hailed in some quarters as a triumph of "liberalism," organized WPA workers have called a one-day strike for May 27 to protest against the shameful reduction in the relief allotment. It is generally conceded that the $1,500,000,000 appropriation will necessitate a reduction of from 500,000 to 600,000 in WPA rolls. While employment has undoubtedly risen during the past twelve months, tens of thousands of unemployed who previously had eked out an existence have reached the end of their resources. Other tens of thousands of "employables" are theoretically eligible for WPA work but have never been able to obtain jobs because of the inadequacy of the relief funds. No one even pretends that the 500,000 who are to be cut from the rolls will all be able to find jobs in private industry. In view of the general illiberality of Congress at the moment, we are glad to note that the Murray-Hatch resolution calling for a federal commission to study unemployment has been reported out in the House. A move is also under way, after seven years of mass unemployment, for a census of the jobless. The project is a commendable one if carried out fairly, but highly dangerous if combined, as in the Maloney bill, with proposals to reduce the hours of labor in a fixed ratio with an increase in joblessness. Share-the-work movements of this type should be labeled for what they are—attempts to force the working class to bear the entire burden of an economic breakdown which is not of its making.

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CARDINAL MUNDELEIN'S DENUNCIATION OF the Nazi government's persecution of German Catholics will make Americans more widely aware of the struggle between the Third Reich and the Vatican. No sooner was the Concordat signed in July, 1933, than the Nazis started playing the old game of "scraps of paper." The Concordat guaranteed liberty of profession and free public exercise of the Catholic religion, the right of the church to establish and maintain schools and charitable and cultural organizations, and protection against insult to the person or calling of priests. The Nazis have since violated every one of these provisions. Priests and nuns have been arrested and imprisoned on fabricated charges, church property and funds confiscated, Catholic teachers dismissed, pastoral letters seized, and religious processions banned. The Hitler youth movement has declared war on the Catholic youth associations, and the government of Bavaria, center of German Catholicism, has announced the closing of Catholic schools. The Vatican has protested against this, but because of its anomalous position with respect to fascism, its opposition has been cautious, almost apologetic. Its letter on Mundelein characteristically stated that he was free to say what he wished but

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avoided giving him forthright support. Meanwhile the forthcoming pastoral letter of the German Catholic Church is awaited in the hope that the increasingly bitter struggle may force the church to declare itself.

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THE FEROCIOUS DOWAGERS OF ENGLAND, Scotland, Wales, and the dominions, operating through the government of Stanley Baldwin, have won again; and the Duke of Windsor will marry his lady without benefit of attendance by royal relatives. As yet no specific action has been taken to prevent Wallis Warfield from assuming the title of Her Royal Highness, but we can already hear the Duchess of Norfolk muttering under her aristocratic breath that *she* for one will never submit to the indignity of sitting *down* the table from that etc., etc. Meanwhile we are advised that the Anti-Dowager Federation, which persists in regretting the downfall of King Edward VIII, has started a movement to repeal the ancient British law that cats may look at kings.

Security Upheld

THE Supreme Court's action in upholding the unemployment and old-age sections of the Social Security Act may go down in history as the most important of the court's epoch-making decisions of recent months. Of all the legislation passed during the four years of the New Deal, the Social Security Act is perhaps the most sweeping in its implications. Nearly twenty-five million workers are directly affected by its operation. To overthrow the act some months after tax collection had been started would have entailed incalculable confusion. But the significance of the decisions is by no means limited to the provisions of the act itself. The acceptance of the federal pay-roll tax for protection against unemployment places the court's stamp of approval on one of the most dubious principles incorporated in New Deal legislation—coercion of the states by means of the federal taxing power. Awkward and inadequate though the tactic may be, it opens a new vista for federal-state legislation. If the United States can persuade states to adopt unemployment legislation of a certain type by offering tax exemption to the citizens of those states which comply, the same principle may be applied to many other types of legislation in which uniformity is desired. It could be used to obtain such measures of reform as the prohibition of child labor, minimum-wage laws, and uniform marriage and divorce regulations, and to bring about a general simplification of our chaotic tax laws.

The necessity of resorting to this cumbersome and time-consuming device for social security has been virtually eliminated, however, by the decision upholding the federal tax on employers for old-age annuities. As Maxwell S. Stewart pointed out in last week's *Nation,* if a federal old-age insurance program is constitutional, there is every reason to believe that federal unemployment insurance would be equally valid. Protection against unemployment is, if anything, more clearly of national interest than old-age pensions, since it contributes directly to national economic stability. If the Administration is alert, it will immediately capitalize on its victory by formulating a federal plan for unemployment insurance which will eliminate the primary objections to the forty-six different plans thus far adopted.

Validation of the federal old-age annuities would also seem to open the door to other types of social-security legislation which have so far been avoided. Survivors' and disability insurance might be adopted on a national scale. Federal health insurance has been brought within the realm of practicability, and might be attached to the old-age program. It might even be possible to take advantage of the favorable situation which has been created by the court's action to push through a well-integrated program which would provide federal care for the millions of destitute individuals who are now dependent on the vagaries of local relief.

The political effects of the decision may not be so favorable, but they have been largely discounted. No one would suggest that the President's attack on the court was conceived solely for the purpose of pushing through the most vital parts of his New Deal program. But whether it be good luck or good strategy we can be thankful that it was the most doubtful parts of the program—the NRA and AAA—that were invalidated, and that the Wagner Act and the Social Security Act have been salvaged.

Robinson Will Not Do!

JUSTICE VAN DEVANTER'S resignation brought down to the ground of practical reality a question which has hitherto remained in the relatively higher regions of hypothetical discussion. For some sixteen weeks liberals and radicals have joined in a mighty effort in behalf of the President's Supreme Court plan. In the name of millions yet unborn they have defended the President's campaign to liberalize the Supreme Court, even though they preferred a constitutional amendment. Now Justice Van Devanter's resignation has rent the veil of high thinking, and those who, like *The Nation,* have supported the plan as a move toward a crucial reform face the fact that the first fruit of their effort is the almost certain appointment to the Supreme Court bench of an Arkansas politician. It turns out, further, that the appointment will probably be made on exactly the same basis as the naming of any local postmaster. If Joe Robinson is given a Supreme Court justiceship it will be as a "reward" for services rendered as a political boss who has driven Presidential measures through the Senate, whether he believed in them or not. A third fact is the rush of the Senate, in a burst of pork-barrel solidarity, to confirm Robinson even before he is nominated.

The whole picture has only one constructive aspect. The preview of Roosevelt's intentions unveiled by Van Devanter's resignation (the veil has now been drawn

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close again), coupled with the adverse vote in the Judiciary Committee, provide an opportunity for liberal forces to make their opinion effective. The Supreme Court fight, as Robert S. Allen points out on another page of this issue, has entered a phase in which the President's word alone is not necessarily final and in which he has specific need of continued liberal, labor, and any other support he can muster. Such support has been based on what was no less than the President's moral responsibility to appoint truly liberal justices of an intellectual stature commensurate with the issues they will be called upon to decide. The clear intimation that, instead, the President will not hesitate to drag Supreme Court appointments into the political market-place is a warning, particularly to labor, that in the end liberal pressure must be put behind a constitutional amendment—which has been practically forgotten in the heat of the debate. More immediately, notice must be served that Robinson will not do. We use his name in a generic, not a personal, sense—he is undoubtedly an amiable and popular boss—though as an individual he can almost be called the epitome of what we should not have in a Supreme Court justice.

It is said by the President's apologists, who have one of the hardest assignments of their lives, that Robinson can at least be counted upon to back up the New Deal measures which he has guided through the Senate with a practiced hand. But even that statement may not be true. A Supreme Court justice is not responsible to the President who appoints him. His power is, within its range, absolute and cannot be alienated. He is much more likely, once he is safely established, to be responsive to his own deepest convictions. Senator Robinson is a conservative Southern provincial Democrat. He may harbor the traditional small-town "populist" antagonism toward Northern bankers, but the utilities magnate of the region (Harvey Couch) is his fishing mate, and his closest bonds are with the Arkansas planter. Arkansas has become a by-word in the past few years for the number and violence of planters' attacks on the civil rights of poor share-croppers, especially of Negroes. Robinson has been notoriously silent on these matters. That a man who so thoroughly represents the ruling class in Arkansas should be elevated to the Supreme Court at this juncture is ironical and dangerous. Where his heart and vote would be in a case involving the relative rights of planters and share-croppers, or of whites and "niggers," is not hard to imagine. Yet the history of legislation in the next twenty years will be written in terms of just such cases—of the haves challenging the have-nots—and on their just and wise disposal will rest the probabilities of lasting economic peace and security.

It is surely significant that only practical considerations have been put forward in favor of the Robinson appointment. No claims are made for him of intellectual distinction, and his qualifications as a lawyer are admittedly limited. He "deserves" the appointment—presumably for putting through like a good soldier or a ward boss so many bills he privately detested; since he is set upon it Roosevelt can deny it to him only at the risk of splitting the Democratic Party and facing a Senate revolt. These are cogent reasons to a politician. But to labor and to liberals generally they should be an open challenge. It is reported that Roosevelt, probably as a result of the general reaction to the Robinson boom, will hesitate to appoint him unless he can at the same time make another one or two appointments and thus be able to smuggle the Arkansas conservative into the Supreme Court in a liberal sandwich. It is also reported that Robinson's final payment for the honor must be the delivery of the necessary votes to pass the President's bill in whatever form it ultimately takes. This is the time for the great liberal majority that elected Roosevelt to make it clear that Robinson was not what they had in mind when they backed his plan.

European Democracy on the Offensive

AMID the hustle and bustle of official visits which has marked European diplomacy in recent weeks, certain hopeful signs are discernible. There are indications not only that France is seeking to regain its lost prestige in Central Europe but that it is being aided in its efforts by an unmistakable reaction against fascist diplomacy. The visit to Paris of Dr. Guido Schmidt, Austrian Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is evidence of a new restiveness on the part of Austria against German and Italian domination. While Schmidt is said to have rejected France's proposal for an Austrian-Little Entente bloc to combat fascist influence along the Danube, the recall of von Papen from Vienna is sufficient proof of the growing antagonism against both Germany and Italy in formerly quiescent Austria.

Behind this rather surprising development lies the movement for a closer economic union between the states which made up the former Hapsburg empire—Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, and Hungary. By all natural laws they constitute an economic unit, and for Austria, a manufacturing nation, the combination offers far more than the present artificial ties with Germany and Italy. While Mussolini made it clear at the recent Venice conference with Schuschnigg that he would not tolerate a Prague-Vienna agreement as long as he remained the protector of Austria's "independence," there may yet come a time when Il Duce will prefer Czecho-Slovakian to German troops along the Brenner Pass. At the moment, however, the keystone of fascist foreign policy is the attempt to isolate Czecho-Slovakia. Some progress has undoubtedly been made in this direction. The Italian-Yugoslav pact has bent Yugoslavia, temporarily at least, toward the Berlin-Rome axis. But the efforts of the fascist countries in Rumania have met with distinctly less success. A warning from Paris that French credits for armaments would be withdrawn if Rumania concluded a mutual-assistance pact with Poland brought word that Bucharest would not consider a pact either with Poland or Italy.

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The reassertion of French influence in Central Europe has probably saved the Little Entente and, what is more important, may have preserved the League as an active political force. For the ties which bind the democratic powers to Central Europe are embodied in the Covenant of the League, and anything which strengthens these ties reinforces the principle of collective security.

A similar consolidation of the forces favoring the collective principle may be expected to emerge from the Imperial Conference now being held in London. Constitutionally, the only obligation imposed upon the dominions to support the motherland in the event of a general world war is that imposed by the League Covenant. In view of the strong nationalistic tendencies which are present in all the dominions, Great Britain may be expected to throw its influence unreservedly on the side of strengthening these bonds. For the Empire as a whole, however, friendship with the United States is fully as important as a means of security as Britain's ties with France and the other democratic countries of Europe. And if this is to be achieved, economic relationships must be strengthened. The Canadian Prime Minister, W. L. Mackenzie King, is especially anxious to bring about a liberalization of the Ottawa agreements which would permit the various units of the Empire to enter into reciprocal agreements with the United States. While the prospective British Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain, is known to be opposed to this suggestion, the other dominions, particularly Australia and New Zealand, appear convinced of the importance of closer relations with this country. Any step which would bind the United States more closely to the democratic countries of Europe is, at this stage, a definite setback for the fascist international. While it is too early to foresee the final outcome of any of these moves, it is reassuring to find the democracies once more on the offensive.

John D. Rockefeller

THE case of John D. Rockefeller is without parallel in our history. Around no other man has such a storm of abuse and denunciation raged. He was the central target of the progressives and reformers after the turn of the century, representing in his person the worst abuses of the era of consolidation and ruthless business competition. He had built up the great Standard Oil Company long before the attacks upon him became serious. He caused heartbreak, financial ruin, and business disaster for his competitors. When the whole story was written, it appalled those who read it and inevitably became a political issue, resulting in the famous split-up of Standard Oil into the constituent companies which have since gone lucratively on their way. It did result in some good. Standard Oil purchased Senators—as Mr. Hearst revealed in the stolen Archbold letters—where it did not choose and elect them. It bought state legislators by the dozen and stopped at nothing to achieve its ends. When all this was revealed to the American people, it made it clear whither the country was drifting, how through unrestrained competition we were heading into unrestrained monopoly, and at what dreadful cost to our whole society the few were becoming billionaires.

But the reformers did not achieve as much as they thought they had. Not even the creation of the Federal Trade Commission fundamentally reformed the business methods represented by Rockefeller; was it not the proud boast of the New Deal that its NRA codes temporarily put an end to no fewer than 1,000 unethical business methods in the first six months of its existence? The public uprising in the days of Theodore Roosevelt could not prevent the drift to monopoly. The post-World War orgy of speculation piled up corporate wealth and power as if the Rockefeller days of "frenzied finance" had never been under attack. The New Deal temporarily suspended governmental regulation and the anti-trust laws, and the second Roosevelt is only just now considering their reinforcement. Let anyone who thinks we have been heading off illegal combinations consult Senator Borah!

But as the years went by and other great issues arose, the public attitude toward Mr. Rockefeller gradually changed. He actually outlived the hate and bitterness with which the public regarded him. True, he lived behind barbed wires, heavily guarded until death. When he traveled, it was usually with as much secrecy as possible. But the newspapers no longer denounced him, and instead actually sought interviews from him and handled him gently and pleasantly. The movie public no longer hissed when it saw his pictures, but laughed tolerantly at his habit of giving away silver dimes and his other eccentricities. He had become a sort of national antique, almost an institution. The oncoming generations, without knowledge of what he had stood for and what he had done, regarded him with curiosity because he was so fabulously rich. The sins of the Wigginses and Charlie Mitchells threw Mr. Rockefeller still farther into the background. No longer were the Rockefeller benefactions attacked by clergymen and teachers of ethics as "tainted money." If all this was in part due to forgetfulness, it was also due to a greater public realization that the system of which he was part produced Mr. Rockefeller and not Mr. Rockefeller and his associates the system. But after all, it was his longevity and the retirement in which he lived, as well as new issues and new men, which gradually changed the public attitude.

It was not his benefactions. Great as those have been and important as have been their results, notably in the fields of public health and education, they were never looked upon as bringing him absolution. They could not offset the lives blasted, the careers wrecked, the injury done to our national life and public morale. It is an utterly unnatural and unsafe situation in a republic when any individual is permitted to amass such wealth—even if the methods used are beyond reproach. To no man should be given the power which Mr. Rockefeller wielded during his active life. This truth is not mitigated by the obvious determination of his son to use his wealth as a public trust. We must have no aristocracy of wealth —good or bad.

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Hughes Checkmates the President

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

Washington, May 23

THE Supreme Court reorganization legislation is in a very bad way on Capitol Hill, and the President has only himself to blame. Two months ago the program had an assured majority of six in the Senate and from fifty to seventy-five in the House. Today the original six-judge bill is entirely washed up, and the prospects even of a compromise on a two-judge basis are none too bright. Finally aroused to the danger of damaging defeat which faces him, the President is bestirring himself and cracking the whip. He probably will succeed in preventing a complete rout, but he is in the tightest spot of his incumbency, and if he emerges with even part of his skin he can count himself lucky.

For a highly touted political wizard the President's generalship on the court legislation has been a brilliant flop. His opening maneuvers had all the elements of dynamic leadership and astute strategy—surprise, boldness, and aggressiveness. He sprang his plan without warning, catching the opposition off guard and unprepared. While it was still floundering around, disorganized and leaderless, he followed up his offensive with two smashing radio attacks. The situation was clearly in his hands. He had only to push home his drive by forcing speedy legislative action. Instead, Mr. Roosevelt stopped dead in his tracks and amiably let the opposition rally its cohorts and launch a shattering counter-attack. Every dictate of ordinary horse sense called for starting the bill through the legislative mill in the House. That was, and still is, the weak point of the opposition. The chamber's limited-debate rules and general amenability to party control lend themselves readily to parliamentary manipulation by a forceful and determined leadership. Committee hearings could have been rushed and the bill jammed through the House in a few days. Then with this okay in his hands, the President would have been in a powerful position to deal with the Senate. For one thing, the fence straddlers and waverers there would have been less inclined to rebel. Also, on the ground that public views already had been heard in the House, committee hearings in the Senate could have been either dispensed with entirely or held to a minimum. Finally, there was the psychological factor. House approval would have put the Senate opposition on the defensive.

But despite all these patent advantages to be gained by starting the ball rolling in the House, the President and his corps of master-minds, for some still unexplained reason, decided to launch their Congressional offensive in the hard-boiled Senate. As one disgusted Democratic floor leader expressed it, "This proposition wasn't tough enough, they had to make it tougher by going at it the hardest way."

Given the advantage in maneuvering, the surprised and delighted opposition lost no time in making the most of its opportunities. It outsmarted, outlobbied, and outdemagogued the Administration at every turn. While the latter was complacently planning to raise the party issue, the opposition secretly got together and arranged with the Republicans and Liberty Leaguers to lie low and let the dissenting Democrats carry the torch and do the breast-thumping. Then, screening their operations behind a furious hullabaloo about censorship and strong-arm tactics, the oppositionists conducted a wily filibuster in the Senate Judiciary Committee, dragging out the dull and inane proceedings nearly two months. These hearings did not contribute a single new valuable fact to the controversy. But they did enable Chief Justice Hughes to get in some hefty blows at the President's proposal. Few realize how important a part Mr. Hughes has played in the fight against the court bill. He has conducted his operations with consummate deftness and finesse—and tremendous effectiveness. He alone is responsible for the three five-to-four decisions (Washington minimum-wage, Wagner labor-act, and Herndon civil-liberties cases) that have so heavily undermined public and Congressional support for the President's bill. More than any other factor these decisions have been responsible for the defensive dilemma the President now finds himself in. They took the sting out of his attacks on the court and gave the wavering Senators, whose votes he needed to win, just the alibi they needed to line up against him. Mr. Hughes has played high politics these last three months and played it with boldness and agility. Not only did he reverse himself, but he accomplished the much more difficult feat of persuading Justice Roberts to stop nesting with the four diehards and loop the loop with him.

In the inner White House circle, where the full significance of the Chief Justice's activities are thoroughly realized, there is bitterness and fury against him. So much, in fact, that a few weeks ago a serious canvass was made of the Constitution and statutes to ascertain whether, in the event the court bill passed, he could be replaced with a new Chief Justice.

While Mr. Hughes and the opposition were steadily cutting the ground from under him and he was clearly losing votes in the Senate, the President persisted in his complacent confidence. Several of his younger lieutenants tried to warn him, but he brushed them aside as over-zealous. "Give the opposition plenty of rope," he laughed; "they'll hang themselves." There was a hanging party all right, but it wasn't the opposition that dangled from the end of the rope. Not until the President returned from his Texas fishing trip did he discard his cocky attitude of disparaging the capabilities and strength

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of his foes and get down to earth. By then his six-judge bill was defunct. The two votes needed in the Judiciary Committee—Senator Joseph O'Mahoney of Wyoming and Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada—to get a favorable report there had been lost. Both of these men could have been held in line had they been properly handled. McCarran comes up for election next year and must have Administration backing to win. He is a pompous, blatant glad-hander with reactionary leanings but can be wooed to an occasional liberal vote if the bait is tempting enough. McCarran wanted particularly a United States marshalship for one of his henchmen. His colleague, Senator Key Pittman, also wanted the plum. Pittman had declared for the President's bill. Why under the circumstances he could not have been persuaded to take something else is a mystery none of the Administration wire-pullers have been able to explain. The reason probably is over-confidence. They didn't think they had to trade with McCarran. O'Mahoney, a notch higher in caliber than McCarran, is a hand-made product of the Administration. From an unknown Cheyenne lawyer it elevated him to First Assistant Postmaster General and then put him in the Senate. Between Jim Farley and O'Mahoney existed close personal and political ties. In the early days of the fight Big Jim could have "done business" with Joe. But, again, over-confidence caused the Administration manipulators to delay too long, and O'Mahoney, peeved at what he felt was lack of regard for his importance, gradually worked himself into a rage and wound up carrying an opposition banner.

The unfavorable committee vote was a body blow to the President. It was the first time in his four years in office that a measure bearing his official blessing had been turned down by a committee. Not even the fiercely fought holding-company bill had suffered such a rebuff. The stinging defeat whipped the President into a flurry of belated activity. The new wage-and-hour (Connery-Black) bill was hurriedly completed and introduced at once instead of being delayed until the court measure had been disposed of, as was originally intended. It was hoped that by this move indirect support could be rallied for the judicial bill on the ground that its defeat would also spell doom for the drastic labor proposal. On his part the President began summoning uncommitted and critical Senators to the White House—something he should have done months ago. In these conferences he is making it clear he is willing to accept a compromise. No definite formula is being suggested, but practically any proposal that will enable him to add several justices to the bench is sure to be acceptable. Publicly, however, the White House is maintaining the pose of "standing pat" on the six-judge bill. Secretary Stephen Early even went to the length last week of bawling out the White House correspondent of the Associated Press for saying in a story that the President had told Congressional leaders he was willing to compromise. But behind this window-dressing the stage is being prepared for a back-down. Already Administration mouthpieces are claiming a "moral" victory in the resignation of Van Devanter and the three liberal decisions.

The Struggle for Czecho-Slovakia

BY ROBERT DELL

Geneva, May 3

ONE of the greatest mistakes made in the peace settlement after the World War was undoubtedly the partition of the Austrian Empire, or at any rate its economic disruption. I am still of the opinion that I held during the war that the best solution would have been a federal republic on the Swiss model composed of self-governing cantons. That was also the opinion of the Bohemian Socialist Party and of its leader, Smeral, who foresaw how disastrous the economic disruption of Austria-Hungary would be. "Vienna," he said, "should be the salon for all the nations of the Austrian Empire." Smeral's opposition to the partition of Austria-Hungary led not long before the end of the war to a breach between him and Svehla, leader of the Czech Peasant Party, who was backed by Masaryk. Smeral and Svehla had collaborated in the early years of the war.

Masaryk and Svehla had their way, and thus Czecho-Slovakia was created. Events have justified Smeral's point of view. Both politically and economically Czecho-Slovakia is a fantastic country. Long and narrow, it has strategically the most difficult frontier to defend in Europe. It contains a mixture of races which makes it a sort of Austrian Empire in miniature. Of its 15,000,000 inhabitants about 3,500,000 are of German race and 750,000 are Magyars; Poles, Ruthenians, and other races are also represented. The overwhelming majority of German inhabitants are not, as many people seem to think, former citizens of Germany, separated from their native country, but Austrians who had always lived in the territories which now constitute Czecho-Slovakia. However, in that part of Czecho-Slovakia nearest to the German frontier, which is almost entirely industrial, the majority of the inhabitants are of German origin.

From the economic point of view the structure of Czecho-Slovakia is equally unsatisfactory. After the partition of Austria-Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia had 95 per cent of the industry and 5 per cent of the agriculture. The industry was much too extensive for a population of 15,000,000, and the home market could not absorb its products. Nearly all the textile industry was in Czecho-Slovakia. Had there been a customs union between the

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succession states of the old Austrian Empire, as there should have been, the fact that the textile industry was in Czecho-Slovakia would not have mattered. But the succession states set up tariff barriers against one another and tried to be self-supporting. The Hungarians, for instance, instead of importing their textiles from Czecho-Slovakia, set up at great expense a textile industry of their own. On the other hand, two-thirds of the Hungarian wine production remained in the present Hungarian territory, which was left with about one-third of the inhabitants of the old kingdom of Hungary. When I was in Budapest in 1924, I had an interview with the Hungarian Minister of Agriculture, who complained that the Hungarian wine growers were suffering severely because the other succession states would not buy their wine. I asked him why they would not, and he replied: "No doubt they would buy our wine if we would buy their manufactured goods."

Since 1931 England has ceased to be a free-trade country, and tariff barriers have been raised everywhere. It has become more and more difficult for Czecho-Slovak manufacturers to export their products, and Czecho-Slovakia has suffered more than any other country in Europe from the world economic crisis. The restoration of the economic unity of Central Europe is no easy task, for since the end of the war unnecessary new industries have been artificially fostered, but it is a task that should be attempted. The remedy is a customs union among the countries of the Danubian basin, not what is called treaty revision. Certain frontier readjustments are no doubt desirable and will become possible if and when the danger of aggression and war can be averted, but there can be no question of going back on the main territorial arrangements of the peace treaties. The dismemberment of Austria-Hungary was no doubt a mistake, but the dismemberment of Czecho-Slovakia would be a disaster for Europe.

Considering the difficult political and economic conditions with which they have had to deal, the success achieved by the rulers of Czecho-Slovakia has been remarkable. That success is mainly due to the two statesmen who have guided the destinies of the country from the first—Masaryk and Benes. In no country bound by the minorities treaties have the provisions of those treaties been so well observed or the national minorities so liberally treated. I do not say that the national minorities have never had any genuine grievance, but their grievances have been trivial in comparison, for instance, with those of the national minorities in Germany and Poland. The concessions recently made by the Czecho-Slovak government to the German minority leave that group without any reasonable cause for complaint.

Great efforts have been made to deal with the economic difficulties arising from the economic structure of the country. Svehla realized from the first the necessity of increasing the home market for industrial products by an agrarian reform. Under his leadership the Agrarian Party broke up the great landed estates and distributed them among the peasants, who were organized on a co-operative basis. Svehla put at the head of the agrarian cooperatives, which distributed the agricultural products, men of real capacity who for several years obtained great results. They established financial cooperatives in which the greater part of the capital of the country was concentrated. In this way the Agrarian Party secured financial resources which have made it the richest political party in Czecho-Slovakia.

Svehla also succeeded in getting a considerable part of Czecho-Slovakian industry other than agriculture, notably the sugar and alcohol industries, under the influence of the Agrarian Party, and this weakened the National Democratic Party, which is essentially the party of the capitalists. More than that, Svehla and Beran, who was then general secretary of the Agrarian Party and is now its leader, succeeded soon after the end of the war in making a sort of alliance between the Agrarian Party and the Skoda firm. Since 1922 the Minister of War has always been a member of the Agrarian Party.

Svehla acted in politics on the maxim "divide and conquer," and did not hesitate when necessary to resort to corruption to attain his ends. Masaryk had aimed from the first at the creation of a single united Labor Party, but he failed in this attempt. One of the causes of his failure was the unpopularity of Smeral, the first president of the Communist Party, on account of his opposition to the disruption of Austria-Hungary. As it was, there were three Czecho-Slovak labor parties—the Socialist Party, affiliated to the Second International, the Communist Party, affiliated to the Third International, and the National Socialist Party, of which Benes was a member, which must not be confused with German National Socialism. Svehla succeeded in dividing the political labor movement still further by suborning Stribrny, leader of the National Socialist Party, who was obliged to leave the party. Nevertheless, Svehla, who, although he had little more than an elementary education, was a remarkably able politician, allowed himself to be influenced by Masaryk and induced the Agrarian Party to agree to all the immediate demands of the workers, such as social insurance, holidays with pay, the eight-hour day, and so on. For this reason, Czecho-Slovakia has an advanced social legislation.

Svehla was obliged by ill health to retire from political life before he was able to realize all his agrarian program. He was succeeded as president of the Agrarian Party by Beran, who had been secretary for nearly thirty years. Beran, a man of about fifty, is a remarkable organizer with great financial ability. He has amassed a large fortune, but he lives very simply.

For the purpose of increasing the home market and satisfying the demands of the peasants it was necessary not only to break up the great estates but also to repopulate the agricultural districts. The greater part of the agricultural land had been in the hands of the church and the aristocracy, and had been to a great extent depopulated. Large numbers of the peasants, unable to get work or at any rate to earn a living, had gone to Budapest or Vienna or emigrated, especially to North America. For this reason, although Czecho-Slovakia has only 15,000,000 inhabitants, there are about 3,500,000 Czecho-Slo-

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vak emigrants in other countries. Dr. Milan Hodza, the Slovak agrarian leader, was made Minister of Agriculture in order that he might carry out this internal colonization by founding villages in South Bohemia, North Moravia, and South and East Slovakia. The question was of more importance for Slovakia than for Bohemia. The American Slovaks had been persuaded to found a bank in Czecho-Slovakia to finance the internal colonization, but instead of carrying out the policy for which he had been appointed, Hodza used the American-Slovak bank to consolidate his own position in Slovakia and pursued a reactionary economic policy. He was responsible, for instance, for the high import duties on wheat imported from Hungary, Yugoslavia, and Rumania. Ultimately, Hodza was obliged to resign from the Ministry of Agriculture, and his influence in the Agrarian Party was diminished. He did not succeed Svehla as president of the party, although he had better qualifications than Beran for the post.

Beran's ambition was to become Prime Minister and ultimately to succeed Masaryk as President of the republic. For the moment, however, he agreed to compensate Hodza by making him Prime Minister. Beran's intention undoubtedly was that Hodza should be a stop-gap and that he himself should succeed him after a certain time. His calculation was that as Prime Minister of Czecho-Slovakia and president of the largest political party in the country he could not fail to become President of the republic after the death of Masaryk, who had been elected President for life.

Beran's plans, however, were suspected by Masaryk, Benes, and Hodza, and it was for the purpose of checkmating them that Masaryk abdicated, expressing the wish that Benes succeed him. Hodza, although not particularly friendly to Benes, felt obliged to bow to Masaryk's wishes. Beran had not the courage to stand against Benes, but on the suggestion of Dr. Kahanek put forward Professor Nemec as an opposition candidate. Nemec is a man with little or no influence in politics, and thanks to the fact and also to the support that Benes received from the Second and Third Internationals, the Vatican, and Hodza, Benes was elected with an even larger majority than Masaryk had obtained.

Kahanek, who thus came into prominence, is a man of forty, of Silesian origin. His mother was a Polish Jewess. He took his doctor's degree in law and began his political career as a journalist in the National Socialist Party. When Stribrny was obliged to leave the party, Kahanek went with him and became editor of a paper founded by Stribrny in which he consistently attacked Masaryk and Benes. This paper had considerable circulation in Prague, and at the general election in 1929 Stribrny succeeded in getting three of his friends elected to Parliament. Kahanek got in touch with Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister, who advised him to separate from Stribrny and join the Agrarian Party as editor of its newspapers. Kahanek joined the Agrarian Party in the summer of 1934, since when he has succeeded in getting Beran entirely under his influence and is now in everything but name the leader of the Agrarian Party. He directed the party campaign for the general election in the spring of 1935.

In consequence of the world economic crisis there was a strong movement to the left in the working class of Czecho-Slovakia, particularly among the German workmen. Kahanek recognized the probability of a large increase in the Socialist and Communist vote. He consulted Beck, who advised him to go to Berlin and gave him introductions to Nazi leaders. The result of the visit to Berlin was that the Agrarian Party under Kahanek's influence founded the Henlein party—the German Nazi party in Czecho-Slovakia. It was thought that the Henlein party would not elect more than thirty deputies in 1935, but in fact the party polled a majority of the German votes, and elected forty-four deputies against the forty-five of the Agrarian Party. Henlein himself is an insignificant young man of about thirty whose chief qualification for leadership of the party is the fact that his name begins with the same letter of the alphabet as that of Hitler. There are, however, among his colleagues young men of great capacity who are in constant touch with Berlin. The party has received considerable encouragement in England, and when Henlein went to London last year he had an interview with Sir Robert Vansittart, permanent head of the Foreign Office, at the latter's private house.

Kahanek has succeeded in persuading not only the Agrarian Party but other parties of the right, with the exception of the Czech Catholic Party, to cooperate with the Henlein party on the ground that it is an obstacle to socialism and communism, although, from the point of view of the parties of the right, the chief aim of the Henlein party is treasonable. In Czecho-Slovakia as elsewhere in Europe class and economic interests are stronger than patriotism. Kahanek is working with Beck against the foreign policy of Benes, that is to say, the entente among Czecho-Slovakia, France, and Soviet Russia. In collaboration with the Slovak clericals, who are in close contact with Beck, Kahanek is trying to bring about an entente between Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary. He favors the policy, initiated by Beck, of forming a bloc of so-called neutral states from the Baltic to the Adriatic. The aims of Beck and Kahanek were advanced when Yugoslavia and Rumania refused recently to accept the French proposal that the Little Entente treaty should become a treaty of mutual assistance against aggression from any country, including therefore Germany. At present this treaty obliges the three states to aid one another only in the event of an aggression by Hungary. The French government offered to make pacts with Yugoslavia and Rumania if they agreed to the proposal.

It was to further the policy of the bloc of "neutral states" that Beck recently visited Bucharest. In reality this policy is aimed against France and Russia and is favorable to Germany. It is an insane policy from the Czecho-Slovak point of view, and the majority of the people of Czecho-Slovakia are undoubtedly opposed to it, but Kahanek can count on the support of 146 members of the Czecho-Slovak Parliament. It will be seen that Benes has in Kahanek a dangerous opponent.

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Oklahoma Tries Cooperative Medicine

BY JAMES RORTY

IN OKLAHOMA today the next-to-immovable body of organized medicine is being pushed by the gathering force of the farmer-cooperators. Organized in the Farmers' Educational and Cooperative Union, the farmers have tasted the benefits of a cooperative group-practice and group-prepayment system in the complete service offered by the Farmers' Union Cooperative Hospital in Elk City. In their opinion, Dr. M. Shadid, the Socialist founder and medical director of the Elk City enterprise, has given them good medical care for much less than they formerly paid to the rugged medical individualists. He has enabled them to own and manage their own hospital and to employ their own doctors, dentists, and nurses. Hence, when they heard that the Oklahoma Medical Association was trying to get Dr. Shadid's license revoked by the State Medical Board on charges including advertising for business, hiring people to solicit business, and "fleecing the public," they were as mad as only drought-stricken, mortgage-burdened Oklahoma farmers can be. They have stayed mad, too, for the past six months. Results: a dog fight in the courts and in the legislature between the medical politicians and the Farmers' Union, with the final outcome still undetermined as *The Nation* goes to press. The lower house passed a bill legalizing Dr. Shadid's enterprise, but it died in the Senate. Now Dr. Shadid is awaiting the decision of the state Supreme Court as to whether the District Court or the state Board of Medical Examiners has jurisdiction over his case—the board is determined to take away his license.

When the fight began to get hot last December the Oklahoma Union Farmer sounded a general alarm in a leading editorial which ran in part as follows:

> An attempt has been made to destroy our Farmers' Union Cooperative Hospital at Elk City. . . . B. F. Oliver, a layman who lives at Sayre, has filed the charges. . . . The question at once presents itself to the fair-minded person just what a layman like Mr. Oliver would know about the ethics of the medical profession. Thereupon it becomes the opinion of any fair-minded person that this must be a move on the part of certain doctors in the Medical Association. It is known as a fact that many doctors in western Oklahoma have gradually lost some of their practice because of the success of this humanitarian institution built on the principles of Christianity.

In the same issue the *Union Farmer* devoted a page to the returns from a questionnaire sent to former patients of the hospital. Under the headline, "Thousands of Dollars Saved by Members Proves Why Doctors Want to Stop Co-op Hospital," the editor asserted categorically that not one of the several hundred who filled out the questionnaires expressed the slightest dissatisfaction with the service or with the charges or with the treatments. The farmers' lack of reverence for the local medical hierarchy is apparent in these excerpts from their replies:

> . . . This is one of the meanest things that any organization, supposed to be composed of the highest class of professions, could do—to charge Dr. Shadid with fleecing the citizenship of Oklahoma. A bigger lie could not be told by the worst outlaw that ever lived.
>
> We think more of the few dollars invested in the Community Hospital than any investment we have ever made, and Dr. Shadid as a doctor and surgeon, and I think this bunch fighting him should be sat down so hard it would jar their ancestors for four generations past and all their future followers so inclined.
>
> If the lowdown, undermining doctors can succeed in destroying our hospital, I think we would be done a great injury and injustice. . . . All these slugs care for is their own selfish greed.

A score of Dr. Shadid's patients testified that the care they received in the Community Hospital was good, that the service they got for a $50 stock investment and a $25 annual fee saved them many hundreds of dollars, and that they would patronize the hospital even if they weren't members because it offered the best service available.

As one reads this testimony the impression grows that the Oklahoma Medical Association may have grabbed a bear by the tail. This impression deepens as one notes the tone adopted by leading Oklahoma newspapers in handling the affair. Elsewhere similar raids by the medical politicians—as, for example, when the Los Angeles medical-center system was abandoned at the nadir of the depression—have been carried out without stirring more than a feeble ripple of protest in the newspapers. But Oklahoma is different. The Farmers' Union is a formidable political force. So is the organization known as the Veterans of Industry, composed chiefly of the more or less socialist workers who, finding themselves blacklisted after the great strikes of the nineties, went West and built sod houses on the Oklahoma prairie. So is Oscar Ameringer (Adam Coaldigger), editor of the American *Guardian*. They are all backing Dr. Shadid and the Elk City Community Hospital, and neither the politicans nor the newspaper commentators are unmoved by this fact. For example, R. M. McClintock, political columnist for the *Daily Oklahoman* of Oklahoma City, had this to say early in the fight:

> Nothing seems more certain, from present indications, than that if the Medical Association pushes the issue against Dr. Shadid, it will run into a tremendous storm in the legislature, with results that may prove most harmful in the end to the medical profession itself. . . .

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> The Elk City doctor . . . is no quack. For years he was an honored and successful practitioner in Elk City. It's true he was all those years a Socialist, but that did not affect his skill as a physician and surgeon. It was perhaps his socialism that led him to the idea of building a cooperative hospital in Elk City. He found a ready helper in the late John A. Simpson, president of the Farmers' Union. . . . Between the two of them, and the rank and file of organized labor and agriculture in western Oklahoma, the hospital was founded. . . . The fact that the hospital has had to be enlarged three times would seem to indicate that, on the whole, it is filling a real need. . . .

As for Dr. Shadid, the Syrian immigrant who worked his way through medical school and for thirty years has served the farmers of western Oklahoma both as a working physician and as a working Socialist, the opposition of the medical politicians is nothing new to him. He has beaten it before and expects to beat it again. In the current fight his chief ammunition is to be found in a pamphlet entitled "The Doctors' Seven Years of Conspiracy to Destroy the Cooperative Community Hospital at Elk City." This tells an amazing story of sabotage, espionage, and persecution—a story supported at many points by documents supplied, it would appear, by physicians not in sympathy with the excited medical politicians.

Here are some of the high points of this story: the desertion of Dr. Shadid by medical associates as the result of the pressure from the County Medical Association, which as usual threatened expulsion; the canceling of Dr. Shadid's own membership in the association without charges and without trial (during a disbanding and subsequent reorganization of the organization); a suit for damages inspired, according to Dr. Shadid, by his political enemies; a hearty slap at the Medical Association administered by former Governor "Alfalfa Bill" Murray when he wrote, "I want to state that there is no danger of any doctor who may be employed in that hospital [the Elk City Community Hospital] losing his license. In the first place, if the Medical Board attempts such conspiracy, they will be dismissed by the Governor and prosecuted for such conspiracy under the laws, as will any other doctor in such conspiracy"; an affidavit dated October 3, 1936, in which a lay witness testifies to hearing two doctors describe a $10 assessment alleged to have been levied by the Medical Association on its members, this fund to be used allegedly to pass a new state law restricting the corporate practice of medicine in such a way as to eliminate Dr. Shadid and his Community Hospital. Sensational confirmation of the existence of the "slush fund" came only two weeks ago when Dr. J. S. Fulton, according to the *Oklahoma News* of May 11, told the annual convention of the state Medical Association that the Shadid fight had "cost a good deal of money. If you ask me where and why, I'd say I don't know. This is no time to raise questions."

Dr. Shadid cites in his appendix the resolutions indorsing the Elk City medical cooperative by the Oklahoma State Federation of Labor and by the state executive board of the Farmers' Union, and concludes his brief with the following burst of eloquence:

> I plead for the Community Hospital—the first cooperative hospital in the nation! I plead for the 15,000 men, women, and children who put $150,000 in it out of their pittance, and for the 100,000 men, women, and children in the Farmers' Union in this state who are going to have access to this and to similar hospitals on a basis that they can afford. I plead for the cooperative movement in the state and in the nation, which are getting ready to follow our example! I plead for the underprivileged, the disinherited, and the poor, whose only refuge is consumers' cooperation! I plead for the American people, for their constitutional rights, for their self-determination, for their privilege to escape from the domination of special privilege, which is leading this country toward dictatorship and chaos!

This language will be familiar to anyone who has attended conventions of the Farmers' Union. These are native slogans, populist rather than socialist. Against them the State Medical Association can marshal only the outworn, more or less disingenuous shibboleth of "freedom of medical choice" and chorus its horror of "advertising" as a means of mobilizing patients for a medical cooperative. Yet to the layman it would seem obvious that advertising, from the point of view of the public interest, is good or bad depending upon the economic and social relationship which it expresses and promotes. Dr. Shadid's leaflet describing his hospital contains no misleading super-salesmanship.

At the tenth biennial congress of the Cooperative League of the United States Dr. Shadid was a featured speaker on the subject of cooperative medicine, and his speech was one of the most competent and realistic analyses of the problem yet made. The following quotations are from this speech:

> . . . A medical cooperative must be supported by a dues-paying system, and dividends must be paid in the form of low dues and improved service. To charge for medical and hospital care the prevailing fees under the profit system and pay dividends at the end of each year as you do in the retail trade or in the ginning of cotton, for instance, is disastrous. First because competing doctors will cut their fees below those of the cooperative and wean its membership away, and secondly because when the members need hospitalization many of them will demand credit and this will be equally disastrous. A dues-paying system is beyond the reach of medical competitors in the first place and renders credit business unnecessary. . . .
>
> People have not been educated to pay for medical care unless ill, and hence the dues must be low to begin with, even though you may be forced to give a service with trimmings or additional extras. On the other hand, when sick, they demand the best care obtainable regardless of whether the patient is rich or poor. . . .
>
> The dues, to be low, must be based on sufficient volume. Two thousand families is the minimum number required to support a medical cooperative and a hospital, and I do not think it advisable to establish a medical cooperative without a hospital. General practice is not equally as vulnerable as hospitalization to cooperative effort, for the savings effected are not equally great. Furthermore, it is difficult to wean away enough people from their family doctor to make a medical cooperative

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a success without hospitalization, and in the long run such effort will not be fruitful and satisfactory. . . .

The dues must be compulsory, and default in their payment after a generous period of grace should result in cancelation of membership. Every cooperative in the world could succeed if its members would patronize it. But the Rochdale principles of cooperation do not provide for compelling the members to patronize their cooperative. We need a patronage-compelling principle in the cooperative movement. To compel patronage sounds paradoxical, but it is not as paradoxical as it may sound.

The "trimmings" and "additional extras" which Dr. Shadid refers to include charges of $1 per day for hospital board, $10 for use of the operating room, $5 for the anaesthetic, $3 for each X-ray, and $2 for each laboratory examination, such as blood or urine. Apparently these fees, which are duly listed in Dr. Shadid's promotion literature, are considered "fleecing" by the Medical Association. The latter further objects to the fact that non-members of the cooperative are charged according to their ability to pay, although this is the recognized practice of both individual physicians and of private clinics, and to the fact that representatives of the union are regularly in the field recruiting new members—which again seems proper enough.

It seems pretty obvious, however, that the Medical Association's real grievance against Dr. Shadid is his success. Already a cooperative hospital is planned for Oklahoma City. Similar projects are in their formative stages in other cities, both East and West. Quite possibly we are witnessing the beginning of a great and extraordinarily valuable development of medical cooperatives in this country—a development needed almost equally by the organized farmers, by organized labor, and *by the medical profession,* no matter what any transiently intrenched group of medical politicians may think or say about it.

"Indian Fiesta Huge Success"

BY MURIEL RUKEYSER

PALM SPRINGS with its Indian reservation is a hundred and twenty miles away from Hollywood, on a road that drives straight through the Pasadena gardens, the close miles of orange groves whose scent lies on the air far beyond the sight of the trees. The country changes from planted land bearing citrus and grapevines and date palms to mountain and desert. The mountains come up, crumpled in the lines and creases that are foreign to the East; they rise until there is clean snow at the peaks of the San Jacinto range; under, there is desert, the dead sand-white pointed now with purple and yellow flowers. The desert persists; the road narrows; houses and towns are far apart. But very suddenly the road is four-lane again; tourist bungalows line it; in a minute, hotels; and then a street of shops, the sparsely arranged window displays of expensive stores, the clothes, perfumes, slick-paper magazines, camera shops, bars. And on the street men in trunks, women in Hollywood pajamas, the trick jewelry of resorts.

[The Indians will enact their ancient tribal ceremonies and weird rites for the first time. Around great fires built at the edge of the stream these descendants of original desert tribes will be accompanied by tom-toms and shrill yells, as done centuries ago. Walls of the canyon will echo ancient songs and chants, as well as the excited yells . . . —The *Desert Sun,* Palm Springs.]

Palm Springs is fashionable, high-priced, hot all year. The ending season is having a final spurt; hotels that will close next week—it is getting too hot, it is desert here, all around this particular oasis—are open now for one more week-end. The Indians are to celebrate the first All-Indian Fiesta to be held in public here. Palm Canyon, in the reservation, has drums tonight, dancing, fires.

[As a crowd far beyond first-night expectations sat or stood in awed silence, one of the most dramatic Indian portrayals and pageants ever presented for the eyes of the white race took place last night in beautiful Palm Canyon.]

The road is dusty beyond the town, tapering off, branching, evading boulders, crossing a wide stream that washes the car wheels. The immense prehistoric palms stand architecturally before sky, and then sink as the canyon deepens. The car reaches a gate with the usual Indian-reservation sign, "No Liquor"; the fee, usually a quarter, has been raised to a dollar for the fiesta. From the parking space a bus takes you down into the canyon. Night has come quickly during the last hour. A full moon deepens the folds in the hills, the palm shadows. But from here you can see the beacon light that is flashed at Hollywood premières. At the edge of the canyon the crowd stands looking across the gorge, across the heavy stream. Their faces are lit blue and orange. The moon is unimportant, for five terrific spotlights are turned on the clearing, seen in miniature very far below.

[The huge arc lights, loaned through the courtesy of Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, sweeping the sky above the entire Coachelle valley and then down into the canyon, turning it into a fairyland of myriad colors, reminded one of the gala premières of the cinema capital, Hollywood.

Well over two thousand people witnessed the first performance, assuring the financial success of the event.]

They were dancing a hoop-dance under the lights, stepping through the wooden ring, left foot, right foot, swinging it over the head and down in a cylinder around the body. The drumbeat echoed immensely loud and

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rhythmical in the gorge, too loud for a single drum, as impossible as the lights. The beat quickens fast, draws into a fast double beat, and stops with the dance. Clapping comes from all the walls of the canyon. The dancers retire. And suddenly a terrific herald voice roars out of a powerful microphone and spreads through the entire valley: "We wish to thank you for the quiet during the last dance. Absolute quiet is necessary to get the effect of these numbers. The next on the program will be Weeping Star, who will sing the well-loved 'Land of the Sky-Blue Waters.' "

The Indian woman, in a pale-blue doeskin robe, comes up to the microphone in the center of the clearing. It is adjusted for her by a technician in shirt sleeves, who quickly ducks behind a bush, dragging a length of cable beside him to get it out of the way. She begins, in a high, quavering voice:

> To the land of the sky-y-blue waters
> They brought a captive ma-id. . . .

There was more dancing. Victory Dance by Four Boys from Sherman School. Stump Dance—a Social Dance for Neighborly Indian tribes. And songs. Indian Love Call by Thunder Cloud, Cherokee, and Weeping Star, Kickapoo tribe. More cars arrived, crowding the top of the gorge. All the parking spaces were filled.

[One of the happiest men in Southern California last night was H. H. Quackenbush, whose smile grew larger as more and more cars kept arriving with their parties of eager spectators.]

The huge voice was coming through the microphone again: "The audience is invited to come down into the canyon and cross the stream for the remainder of the program. By coming up closer to the dance circles the Indian fire dance and the peon games may be better observed." The crowd began to file down the trails into the canyon, across the board bridge over the stream, and up the sand-hill to the clearing. The lights turned brighter, orange and white, passing over the entire canyon to light the way; and as the crowd formed a circle around the Indians, the spotlights fizzled off.

The Sherman Indians were dancing Navajo Skip Dance, A Social Dance, while the crowd quieted down. The costumes were feathered and mirrored ("Gee, what swell costumes!" said one of the women in the circle; "must have cost p-lenty!"), and the high white boots of the women were hidden under dyed doeskin skirts. The couples swung the circle, dancing with the delicate double stamp, smiling.

Now, with the lights off, quiet was ordered. Salvador Lopez, the heavy Indian, rolled up his shirt sleeves and adjusted the feather headdress. The fire in the center of the ring was scattered until it burned low, and coals covered the clearing. He placed his hands over his eyes and groaned heavily. In the audience an answering groan was heard, and a run of laughter. Somebody up the gorge yelled, "Oh, Rob-ert!" and one of the technicians turned. "What about Gray Earth's song?" The technician spoke to an Indian boy, who called back, "We cut Gray Earth's song!" The Indian chief took his hands off his eyes, and groaned again. A flashlight powder went off. "You think some of these fellows will get movie jobs?" somebody whispered. "They're a good-looking bunch."

[Feature writers, newspaper and newsreel camera men from the large metropolitan papers and film companies were present to record this great successful event. The fame of Palm Springs, winter playground of smart people, was spread in still a wider circle last night through the efforts of these aforementioned people.]

The chief had groaned for almost twenty minutes. Now the monotonous lovely two-line song was chanted by the men and women sitting behind him, still in their rouge and costumes. He leaned over the embers, slowly selected one, and put it in his mouth, blowing his cheeks painfully. After a minute he took it, black, in his hand and dropped it. Laughter ran around the circle, and the ring closed in about him. "Sleight of hand," a man said loudly. Three people came into the circle with him, all white people with cameras. A girl with a Leica sat just under his knees, focusing up at his broad hot face. One camera man hurriedly ran around the Indian's arm as he picked up another coal and put it in his mouth. Another flashlight powder went off. He groaned, raised his arms up to the dimmed full moon, and chanted with the chorus. An Indian woman was asked what the words meant. "My heart is breaking in the fire." The cameras clicked when he opened his mouth and the live coal went in, or seemed to. "Sleight of hand," said the man.

[Large crowds are expected tomorrow, when the ceremonies will be repeated at 11 a. m. and 3 p. m.]

The crowd was tapering off, spilling down the hill and over to where the cars were. Hardly any of the spectators were left when the games began. The announcer had thundered, "And now we wish to thank Twentieth Century-Fox for so kindly permitting us the use of their lighting equipment and personnel," and had advised anyone wishing to see the peon games to adjourn to the next campfire, lower on the hill. The photographers crawled out of the ring. The Indian retreated, taking off his headdress. There would be a double program tomorrow.

The spotlights were out for good, and the moonlight was intense. Cars left in a rattle of horns. Around the second fire the women sat, with the little children. Almost all the white people were gone. A boy said, leaving, "They took in a scad of money, all right, at a dollar a head." "Do they live in tents?" somebody asked. "No, shacks."

The Indians were dancing, waiting for the others to come. Three on a side, one side crouched low, the other bent back, stamping. One shook a gourd, beating the rhythm, the man beside him shook a flashlight in the same tempo. They laughed, stopping at the end of each phase of the dance. Somebody started to sing. "Sh!" said an Indian mother to a tired baby. "There's your uncle Billy Sunday, see him? He's singing the bird song."

Now the games started, the little black and white sticks of the peon game concealed in the hands of one side of four, the singing and bobbing as they prepared, the guessing of the other side. The chorus sang, the boys

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taking the song, the women across the fire answering. The chief who had swallowed fire was playing, the sly look on his large face growing as he won. They laughed at each other. "The baby keeps quiet as long as she can see the fire," said the Indian mother.

The games went on. They might go on all night. But most of the people were gone. There would be two performances tomorrow.

[Entire program directed by Don Admiral, assisted by Frank Bogert. Lighting under the direction of Robert S. Comer of Twentieth Century-Fox. Lighting equipment, courtesy of Darryl Zanuck, president of Twentieth Century-Fox. Earl Strebe, director of lights and sound.]

A Pioneer's May Day in Moscow

[*The letter printed below was written to Louis Fischer by his fourteen-year-old son. For many years* The Nation's *Moscow correspondent, Mr. Fischer is now in New York and will sail shortly for Spain. His children have been brought up in Moscow.*]

Moscow, May 5

DEAR PAPA: This May first was very exciting for me. On April 28 an order was published saying that children over twelve would not be allowed into the Red Square without their own passes. But I wanted to try. I went with Gordon [a foreign correspondent] without a pass. There were little difficulties, but I got through nevertheless. During the military parade I stood all the time with Negrin [the thirteen-year-old son of the new Spanish Prime Minister]. With him were the two sons of the Spanish Ambassador in London, who came with the Spanish delegation. After the parade we went home. I wanted to go to Dr. Rosen's, but the Spanish Ambassador invited me to lunch. After we had eaten, Negrin, the other two Spanish boys, and I went walking through the city. Unlike the military parade, the decorations in the city and the civilian demonstration were not particularly interesting. Negrin suggested that we go again to the Red Square. Although we had no passes we were let through, and we saw the end of the civilian demonstration and the sports parade. We stood on the diplomats' grandstand, which except for us was practically empty. The boys wanted very much to go over to the Spanish delegation, which stood on the other side of the Mausoleum. Suddenly I saw Zeitlin, who was taking pictures of the demonstration. On his breast proudly shone his new decoration. He came over to me. Since I knew that he had various acquaintances among the military commanders on guard, I asked him to take us over to the delegation, which he did without difficulty.

The Spanish delegation was greeted boisterously by all paraders. After the parade came the sports parade. The sportsmen marched in beautiful straight rows. Then the Spanish delegation, and we with it, started to go home. Just at the moment when we passed the Mausoleum, the members of the government came down from the Mausoleum; and then came a moving scene. Suddenly I saw a young Spaniard and Stalin embrace and kiss. Gradually the whole delegation, and we with it, came nearer, and Stalin, as well as all the members of the government, shook hands with *all of us*—that means *me* too. I cannot describe my excitement. When I got home I could scarcely, from excitement, tell about it, and I had to give Mama my word as a Pioneer that I was not joking. Mama immediately telephoned all our acquaintances and told them about it.

On May 2, during the day, I went to the Palace of Pioneers in order to know when the meeting would take place between the Moscow Pioneers and the foreign delegations. At seven o'clock in the evening we were to await the Spanish delegation in the courtyard of the palace. Even before the delegation arrived, Zeitlin was there with his Ford and two trucks with Jupiter lights. He was greeted and questioned by the members of the Photo Circle of the palace. He had to promise them that he would give them films for their cameras. (Almost all the members of the Photo Circle have their own Soviet Leicas.) Finally the delegations arrived in seven buses. Before them marched a section of Pioneers all of whom wore *three* badges. They were accompanied by a Red Army orchestra. The Pioneers made a cordon, and the delegations, boisterously greeted, marched into the palace. I was very disturbed when I did not see Zamora [a son of the former President of Spain] among the members of the Spanish delegation. Later it developed that he came in another automobile. After some short speeches by various delegations, all the delegations assembled in the great hall. I got in after much difficulty because the hall was quite overfilled. Once I almost got through but without Vitya [his thirteen-year-old-brother], and so I remained outside on his account. Finally they let us both in. During the official part I sat with Vitya somewhere far in the rear. I was very sad that we sat so far behind because I had got to know the Spaniards during the parade.

After the official program there was a long intermission. You can imagine how the boys stormed the Spaniards and asked them for addresses of Spanish Pioneer groups. In return the Pioneers gave the Spaniards their Pioneer neckerchiefs and badges. I and Vitya gave them everything we had. After the intermission we no longer sat in the rear but near a Spanish professor whom Vitya and I took over as our protege. We talked with him through a dictionary. During the artistic performances three Zeppelins suddenly flew over the Palace of Pioneers. A small intermission had to be declared because everybody ran to the windows in order to admire the beautifully lit-up airships. Then the children showed their own productions.

The meeting ended very late, and the farewells made it later, so that we didn't get home until 1 a. m. Mama was quite upset by our appearance—without neckerchiefs and badges. She thought that we had been attacked in the night and robbed. After we had excitedly told her everything we went to bed and I slept the next morning until 11:30, when mama waked me. This was the record sleep for my whole previous life. Today I played hooky.

YURI

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Philip Snowden

THAT Philip Snowden's frail, battered body was able to contain his burning spirit for seventy years seems little short of a miracle. A "lifelong cripple" the press dispatches dubbed him. But that only tells half the story of his fight against ill health and disability —a fight greatly intensified when several very patriotic, brave, and manly British soldiers in uniform assaulted this lame and delicate man and "punished" the future Chancellor of the Exchequer for his pacifism during the World War then ended. But no amount of bodily suffering could daunt his ardent soul. Nobody ever accused him of cowardice or of weakening in his beliefs. Even when he joined Ramsay MacDonald in deserting his old Labor associates for the National Government, he somehow retained the friendship and regard of his former allies while Ramsay MacDonald was ostracized and avoided, when not openly cut, by men who had stood shoulder to shoulder to him in the days that tested the metal of everyone and truly tried men's souls.

Philip Snowden was in Australia when the crisis of July, 1914, arose. The Parliamentary Labor Party numbered then but forty members. It met to discuss its attitude toward the war, and went with Ramsay MacDonald in his opposition to Great Britain's entry into the struggle. But on August 5 there was a split. MacDonald resigned his leadership, and Arthur Henderson succeeded him and entered the war Cabinet. Only Keir Hardie, F. W. Jowett, and Tom Richardson stood with MacDonald—until Philip Snowden arrived. Snowden never hesitated for a minute. He knew that it meant going into the wilderness; he knew that in its war hysteria the public would not spare him and his associates, that they would be hated and denounced, spied upon, and pronounced traitors. But like the MacDonald of that day he felt that the salvation of his soul required that he take this stand. War did not, as a biographer of MacDonald says of him, "suspend private judgment and private duty." Snowden might have kept silent; the dreadful injuries to his body from that so nearly fatal bicycle accident could well have been the excuse for his remaining in safety.

Of that he never thought. He kept his seat in Parliament, fought—vainly—for an intelligent war and a worth-while peace, and never hesitated to speak for peace, no matter what the risk. Mrs. Snowden alone addressed five hundred peace meetings during the war, and only two or three were broken up—she would have landed in jail here in this intolerant America, as I once told her, after her second meeting, if she had come unscathed through her first. In Parliament, during the war, Snowden built higher the foundations for the great esteem in which he was held by foes and friends alike. His energy was boundless; his knowledge, commanding; his selflessness, obvious; his integrity, transparent; his courage, sublime. It is only the truth that a London correspondent of the New York *Times* cabled in reporting Snowden's death: "No politician has ever been more scathing to his opponents and left fewer lasting wounds. The British Labor Party produced no other who has left such a memory of ability, honesty, and strength of character."

In Snowden's career his wife, Ethel Annakin, played no little part. An ardent advocate of women's suffrage, she created a sensation when she first came to New York by her beauty, her ability, her eloquence, her power to convert. She made inroads among conservatives whom no American woman leader had been able to affect. She was the type of trained Englishwoman we have all come to admire so much, so obviously capable of dealing with the most difficult affairs of state that no one could hear her and then stick to the old nonsense about the inferiority of women's brains and their physiological inability to deal with national events and issues. Sadly enough it was she who yielded to the lure of London society when the day of triumph came for Ramsay MacDonald and Snowden. It was she who won a reputation for being one of the most charming hostesses in London, but one who was more and more seen in the company of lords and ladies, dukes and duchesses. To her is attributed Philip Snowden's acceptance of the viscounty which sat as strangely upon him as the title of Baron Passfield sits upon Sidney Webb. Still, Snowden remained his old self—frank, simple, direct, outspoken. Only two weeks before his death he had lashed out at the present Cabinet with the scathing words that rose to his lips whenever his sense of justice was outraged. "Weak and muddling," he called the government's policy, and properly denounced the "mad race in armament."

The saddest episode beyond doubt was his turning upon his old associate MacDonald some two years ago with a bitterness that hurt all his old friends. Perhaps the sting lay in the truth of that denunciation. Here was one occasion when he might well have softened the blows. But that was Philip Snowden. If truth and duty compelled him, he spared no one. He placed fidelity to his ideals and standards above everything else. His Spartan will carried him over breaks like these, which must have pained him to the core, as it did over the weaknesses of his body and over the disappointments of the labor movement. Always his mind worked like the first-class machine it was, obviously, however, without dominating his emotions. A great Englishman is gone.

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BROUN'S PAGE

Jesting Prelate

THE orchestra, for some obscure reason, played Basque airs, but then there was a sudden silence as out strode Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken portraying the "Spirit of Spain." Mrs. Menken is an experienced pageanteer and has portrayed many spirits from Soft Coal to Rugged Individualism, but seldom has she been gowned more lavishly than last week at Madison Square Garden when she did her bit for the rebel refugees. A last-minute announcement asserted that the American Committee for Spanish Relief would aid civilians on both sides, but practically all the speakers, and particularly the Reverend Bernard Grimley, glorified the cause of the invaders and minimized the tragedy of Guernica.

The spotlight played upon Mrs. Menken and she gave back beam for beam—the costume with its peacock-like headdress was studded with glittering stones, and Mrs. Menken was pleased to proffer their radiance to the starving children of Bilbao who cry aloud for bread. Murmurs of admiration ran through the fifteen thousand in the Garden, and when the contributions had been counted it was found that a sum had been raised almost equal to one-third the value of the costume.

It may have been a little startling to find the spirit of tortured Spain represented by a dowager in diamonds, but the brilliants were less hard and sharp than the comforting words spoken by the Reverend Mr. Grimley, who lives in London and edits the *Catholic Times*. Mr. Grimley simplified the conflict between the Loyalists and the forces of Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco by saying, "The issue is God or anti-God." This disposed of the suspicions of all who have surmised that the Führer was interested in Spanish metals or that Mussolini wished to extend the sphere of Fascist influence. The audience applauded warmly at being thus categorically informed as to God's attitude in the situation, and the Reverend Mr. Grimley, already tingling with pride in the importance of his role as courier from heaven, ventured just a little farther. It was all very well for Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken to represent the Spirit of Spain, but he, the Reverend B. Grimley of London, was serving as the amplifier of a still, small voice.

Mighty Moses on a historic occasion grew heady because he had once been intrusted with the tablets of stone and took on an arrogance which served to draw a rebuke from on high. The error of Mr. Grimley was one into which many members of the cloth of all denominations are prone to stray. He just would have his little joke, and he grew facetious concerning things with which not even a reverend editor should deal lightly. He referred to "the women and children who seem always to be getting in the way of the bombs of the other side." I have taken the quotation from the account of the meeting in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

The good father went a bit too far. Nobody laughed very loud. Probably it should be said in defense of the Reverend Mr. Grimley that he never saw a woman bombed. Into his mind there came no clear picture of the mangled children of Guernica after the blackbirds of Hitler had wended their way home. The London editor might be interested to learn that in America members of many faiths, including, it would seem, Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago, do not regard the Nazi bombers as the ravens of the Lord.

They say that evening clothes predominated in the Garden, and while Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken undoubtedly outshone all the other ladies, there were many who sought to follow in her train. In such an atmosphere it may be difficult to remember or to heed the effect of machine-gun bullets and incendiary bombs upon frightened and huddled masses of people. White and stuffed shirts may serve as a curtain to shut off the unpleasant picture of blood upon a pinafore.

But even while the Reverend Mr. Grimley was making his little joke, the following press-association dispatch was coming into the newspaper offices of New York City:

> *By the Associated Press. Hendaye, Franco-Spanish Frontier, May 10.*—The semi-autonomous Basque government sent a note to the international Non-Intervention Committee in London protesting "the Germans' criminal action" in the Basque offensive. "German aviation at the service of the rebels continues action against Munguia, Larrauri, Maruri, Larrabezua, and Plencia, dropping a great number of hand grenades and machine-gunning the civilian population, which menaced by death must flee into the fields, thus causing numerous victims, especially women and children."

These, Father Grimley, are not the "reds" against whom you thundered but your coreligionists, the Basques of Spain. As a matter of fact, I wonder whether doubt may not assail the most faithful and leave them wondering whether the Creator for whom you undertook to speak really rides the skies with the Nazi bombers and ordains the slaughter of Communist children. At four thousand feet I doubt whether the German aviators can tell true believers from heretics, particularly when the targets are less than ten years old.

Presently, quite presently perhaps, you will return to your desk and your labors in London, and it may be that upon your homecoming you will complain that the Americans have no sense of humor. But really, Father, you were not funny. For that you should utter a prayer of thanks. Had you been it would have been even worse.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

New Deal—French Version

WHICH WAY FRANCE? By Alexander Werth. Harper and Brothers. $3.

THE story of how France was first inhumanly punished by deflation, then lifted from the trough of the depression under the leadership of Blum, inevitably bears a resemblance to the story of the United States under Roosevelt. The similarities are not in the same focus, since they are inner fundamentals working themselves out in quite different national expressions. But the likenesses deserve far more attention than they usually receive.

The thesis that France under Blum won a victory against fascism, or to put it the other way around, that but for Blum France would by now have become a fascist state, is too precise. And that is the implied thesis of Mr. Werth's admirable history of France's recent years. Mr. Werth leaves no doubt that the Popular Front would not have been possible without the fascist menace. But his record offers no convincing proof that France was in real danger of succumbing to fascism. More probably the danger was passed by rather than overcome. What France overcame was not so much fascism as its own inner lethargy and complaisance. A democratic nation, innately capable of self-government, developed its capabilities in a crucial hour. Galvanized into action, France, like the United States, with a sudden impulse carried through basic reforms. It gave scope and freedom to organized labor. It made the control of credit a national instead of a private concern, going much farther than the Banking Act of the New Deal. With a gust of courage it decided that concentrated economic power called for more national control.

That it was immeasurably more dangerous for French democracy than for our own to deal with its problems goes without saying. France is not blessed with America's natural resources and market, and is not protected by two broad oceans. France, moreover, had been in a false position of strength relative to the rest of Europe, an equation which time was swiftly rectifying, with attendant spiritual hazards. And in France extremes of right and left were organized, able to pour their fighters into the street. Thus the story of France before and during the Blum government has been even more exciting than the story of the New Deal. And since all the democracies are parts of a world unity, the experiences of France should be known to every democrat everywhere, as a portion of his own self-knowledge. For this reason unqualified recommendation can be given to Mr. Werth's stirring book. Here is a vivid, honest, and accomplished example of journalism. It is not history, in the sense that all the major values could so soon have been tested and weighed. But it is journalism at its best, and since France has been so exciting, this account of it by a sensitive, competent writer could not fail to be stirring.

It is to Mr. Werth's credit that he is honest enough to introduce the doubts which are at odds with his main thesis. He writes primarily as an interpreter of the Popular Front and sees France through Popular Front eyes. Thus his implication is that the Popular Front saved France from fascism. Beginning with the riot of February 6, 1934, disturbances were frequent and ominous. But Mr. Werth even uses italics to emphasize his opinion that the Croix de Feu never had a chance to seize power. Colonel de la Rocque did not funk his opportunities. That being so, the real mission of the Blum government was not to suppress fascism; it was to govern France. And the actual deeds of this government become more important than the circumstances which brought it into power. That the government itself has been primarily concerned with governing is today clearer than it was early in the year, where Mr. Werth's recital ends. The subsequent "breathing spell" has suspended the full application of the forty-hour week, and France, like the United States, has been committed to waiting upon recovery before pressing for more reforms. To M. Blum, the radical, has fallen the most delicate duty of devaluation, and he has gone about it in a conservative spirit. His united front is crumbling somewhat in consequence. But France is enjoying the blessing of having an honest and intelligent Premier, heading a revitalized regime. It has, too, an enormously strengthened labor movement, and when finally the regime falls, it will leave the control of the complex modern economic system vested much more directly than before in democratic institutions.

Mr. Werth by implication voices dissatisfaction with the French policy in Spain, which has estranged so many in this country who otherwise would have been enthusiastic for the Popular Front regime. He contributes the important historic detail that the British, warning Blum against helping the Spanish government, stated that they would not feel themselves bound by their Locarno obligations if the help brought France into war. But he also is discerning enough to explain that this warning was overplayed by the Blum government to quiet its own supporters. Blum's first anxiety was to keep France at peace; his second was to be sure of British support if France were overtaken by war. His anxieties for Spain came third. And here again, he was responsible for France rather than for the desires of the leftists in his coalition. The verdict on his course can only be reached when the Spanish crisis is over. Today it seems a fair assumption that had the French been forthright in their support of the Spanish government, General Franco would have been defeated months ago, and that neither Italy nor Germany would have dared to intervene. But much of Mussolini's and Hitler's timidity, now beginning to be apparent, must be attributed to the British rearmament program, which came after Blum's non-intervention policy; so the theory is hard to prove. One result of the Blum policy has been to bring France and Britain into closer cooperation than at any time since the war, an accomplishment in the foreign field that bulks as large as any of Blum's domestic achievements.

Readers will not ask Mr. Werth for a sympathetic appraisal of either Laval or Doumergue. He is the *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Paris, and his feelings are all for the other side. But being in the best *Manchester Guardian* tradition, he also is intellectually honest, and if he does not answer all the questions he suggests it is because he knows he cannot. Even his major question, "Which Way France?" is left open. It cannot be said too often that few questions are of more immediate importance to Americans; his evidence, therefore, deserves a wide audience in this country. In a second edition Mr. Werth should add a footnote explaining in detail

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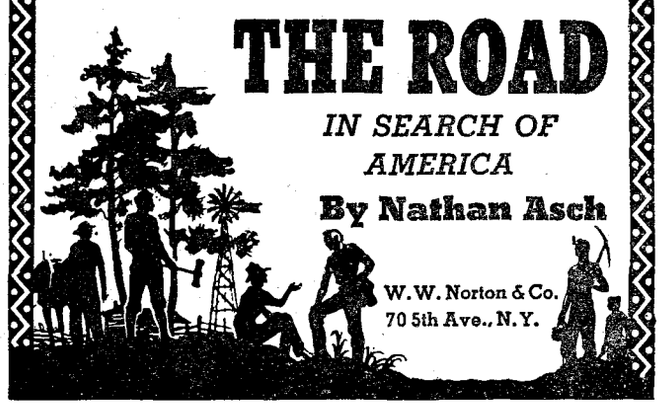

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the French law on compulsory labor arbitration, an issue which is sure to arise in this country. And it would be useful if he would explain how the craft and industrial unions in France compose their inherent differences.

RAYMOND GRAM SWING

A Gist of Gists of Gists

ONE MIGHTY TORRENT: THE DRAMA OF BIOGRAPHY. By Edgar Johnson. Stackpole Sons. $3.50.

EACH man's way of living, as we might say, is his particular way of getting the "gist" of experience. The world is manifold; it has many loose ends, and each man knots a few of them. He knots them in accordance with his own particular vision of necessities and opportunities. Put all his acts together—and they reveal what he has taken to be the "gist" of experience.

Then appears a biographer. He looks at the man, makes a *selection* of his acts, weights, organizes, interprets, to give us what he considers to have been the gist of this man's life. And after many such biographies have been amassed, one may become a kind of "statistician," looking over an entire field. People having lived gists, and writers having given gists of these lives, after a sufficient accumulation one may "transcend" both lives and biographies by taking as his starting-point this "higher level" afforded by the accumulation itself.

Edgar Johnson's "One Mighty Torrent" is an engrossing work conducted on this "higher," "statistical" level. He has epitomized for us the course of English biography from the sixteenth century to the present—including the autobiographies, memoirs, diaries, letters, and biographical fiction that he considers significant. In this large undertaking, I think he has done us a double service.

Like John Chamberlain, in his highly succinct job of reporting the variants of populism (in "Farewell to Reform"), Johnson has put together some important lore, reducing a welter of material to "abstracts," that we may proceed to build upon it in whatever way we please—whereas otherwise we should have first to cover this preparatory ground ourselves. And in the course of thus making a field "handy" for others, who would get at it quickly, he has produced a work packed with "events."

I hope that our young novelists especially will read it. For it might have a healthy effect upon their notions of "realism," which have become disturbingly oversimplified in recent years. Realism has become "naturalism"—and naturalism has come to mean hardly more than an efficiently organized way of running people down. Reading Johnson's book, we are reminded that imaginative enterprise requires much subtler tactics, that realism should not be the mere bureaucratization of debunking and indictment. It should be the attempt to find the acts, thoughts, situations, and speeches in which a character *names his number*. Flaubert thought of it that way. Realism was not to him merely a roundabout way of asking us to pay $2.50 for words that we can get outside of books for nothing. It is the search for *gists*, for those events wherein a character sums up himself and the life beyond himself with accuracy and picturesqueness.

Johnson's book gives us a maximum of such events. He has gone through his material in search of characteristic moments, significant condensations, incidents that reveal the essence of the given biographer and the given biographer's subject. The literary efficiency of wit, of sharp appraisal (the

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startling kind of short-circuiting we get in the poems of Marianne Moore, where we can leap across gaps suddenly) —that sort of emphasis has become lost as the result of competitive crudeness; and Johnson's connoisseurship might do much to correct such blunt notions of "power."

There is no use here in attempting further to condense his condensations. I might mention, however, the almost frightening effect we get as we move from Chapter VII, Eighteenth Century Apogee (discussing that massive Tory, Samuel Johnson, that intellectual bouncer who perfected epigrammatic ways of kicking out the enemy) to Chapter VIII, Romantic Letter-Writers (dealing with Byron, Shelley, and Keats). I never felt so strongly what was let loose upon the world as the romanticism of business and the counter-romanticism of poetry caught its full stride. Another highly suggestive contrast is got by the matching of Steffens and Lawrence.

If you want not a survey but a final putting together of the material surveyed, perhaps Johnson's book will not be completely satisfactory. The range of the author's appreciation, his pliancy when confronting many different kinds of material, is the virtue here. And that is virtue enough for one book. He has recorded the plenitude of human personality. If you want not only this plenitude but also some underlying logic of unification, you may find the book, comprehensive as it is, still unfinished. Perhaps it were better left unfinished, in this sense. Perhaps men *are* as different as daisies and liverwort—and that's the end of it. And perhaps we should be content merely to contemplate and relish this diversity. In any case, I do not see how a reader could fail to enjoy the documents of diversity as here assembled, a literary springtime wherein the tiny brooks of personality converge to make the sweep onward of a torrential flood.

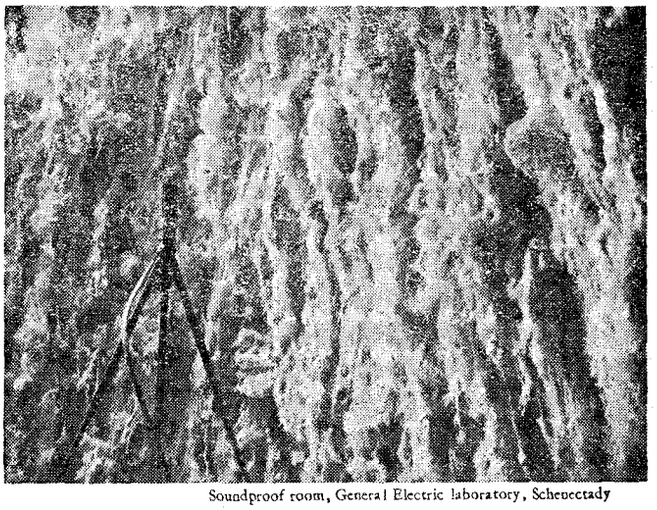
KENNETH BURKE

Her Gossamer Soul

A CARDINAL OF THE MEDICI. BEING THE MEMOIRS OF THE NAMELESS MOTHER OF THE CARDINAL IPPOLITO DE' MEDICI. By Susan Hicks Beach. The Macmillan Company. $3.

MRS. Hicks Beach is, according to the blurb on her book, sister-in-law to the late Sir Michael Beach. The bearing of this piece of information upon a labor of learning devoted to the Renaissance is not apparent unless it be that the reader is supposed to be reassured in the presence of the wife of a brother of a lord. Sir Michael's sister-in-law, so the blurb further says, was moved to authorship when she saw Titian's portrait of the young Ippolito in the Pitti Palace. The book she wrote she burned "because she judged her knowledge of Italy to be insufficient. Later, having again visited Italy, she spent five years writing the novel as it now stands."

"Antony and Cleopatra" could have gained nothing had Shakespeare been erudite in archaeology; "Romola" is heavy with the weight of learning, and "Salammbô" is rigid with scholarship. "Thaïs," "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci," and "Cloud Cuckoo Land" though written by cultivated scholars, are unhampered by information and exemplify the ancient dictum that poetry is truer than history. We are told that Mrs. Beach, because she felt she needed to learn more facts, burned the book that a portrait arresting to her imagination had stirred her to write. This would suggest the likely probability that Mrs. Beach was not primarily a novelist, and her published rewriting establishes that she certainly is not.



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England After Baldwin

Prime Minister Baldwin, having steered empire and monarchy safely past the perils of romantic love and an American divorcee with as little loss of prestige as could have been expected, will shortly retire to the House of Lords. S. K. Ratcliffe will discuss the effects of Baldwin's abdication and the prospects of his probable successor, Neville Chamberlain.

The Balkan Complex

M. E. Ravage, *The Nation's* correspondent in Paris, has recently visited the Balkan countries. He will discuss soon the crucial developments which have occurred recently in Europe's traditional cradle of war.

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Growing Pains of Mexican Labor by L. O. Prendergast
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Nor is she in any legitimate sense of the word a historian. Her book shows her to be a very industrious literary lady who has experimented in genteel cross-fertilization.

"The Narrative," Mrs. Beach opens her preface by saying, "was a literary product of the sixteenth century"; and to authenticate this Orphic pronouncement she quotes from the "Cambridge Modern History" a statement to the effect that though the Renaissance led to the decay of imaginative literature it fostered the development of biography, memoir, and autobiography. This may be Mrs. Beach's way of suggesting that she has a Renaissance mind of limited imagination. "The adoption of the narrative form—which is, of course, not original—for this picture of the life of the Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici," she goes on to say, "has made a certain simplification possible. The stage of the Italy of 1503-42 is so gorgeous, the scene is so pulsating and so crowded with vigorous personalities, that a comparative lucid setting for any one selected figure seems easier of attainment from the single point of view." Since Mrs. Beach was instigated to write by an initial emotion before Cardinal Ippolito's portrait, the most obvious "single point of view" for her "Narrative" would have been that of the Cardinal himself. Mrs. Beach has chosen rather that of the Cardinal's nameless mother.

Mrs. Beach makes her narrator speak of "my gossamer soul"; and in her preface, with no apparent intention of irony, she says that the material of her extended research "had to be passed through a very fine sieve."

"History pretends to be an account of facts, but I ask myself what facts really are, and if they are more than personal opinions on precarious materials." The sixteenth-century person of Mrs. Beach's "Narrative" who opines—and who uses a phrase of Keats apropos of the dreams of one of her husbands who was bald—discusses the sack of Rome and touches upon Luther. So to rewrite history as the "personal opinions" of a "gossamer soul" of "impersonal compassion" but much pedantry and *elegantia* who scorns the "mere device of intelligence," doubtless does "make a certain simplification possible," but at the cost of making scholarship pretentious and history trivial.

RAYMOND WEAVER

A Liberal Education

THE AMBERLEY PAPERS. THE LETTERS AND DIARIES OF BERTRAND RUSSELL'S PARENTS. By Bertrand and Patricia Russell. W. W. Norton and Company. Two Volumes. $10.

IN 1864 Bertrand Russell's father, Lord Amberley, married Kate Stanley, a daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley. They were both dead by 1876, but they left behind diaries and correspondence that have been brought together by Bertrand and Patricia Russell into some thousand pages that will be a delight to anyone interested in that complex of Whiggism, rationalism, and radicalism that gave nineteenth-century England its peculiar character. Almost every aspect of the political and intellectual life of the time is reflected here—in the mentality and character of the Amberleys themselves, in the quality of their friends and acquaintances, in the books they read and the causes they championed.

The family hero of the Russells was the ancestor who was executed in 1683 for resistance to the Stuarts. His father became in consequence a promoter of the Revolution of 1688 and was made a duke by William III. "It followed," says Bertrand Russell, "that the Glorious Revolution was indeed

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glorious, that resistance to kings is in some cases justifiable, and that civil and religious liberty are above all things to be prized. My grandfather (Lord John Russell) was willing to support anti-governmental movements abroad, especially in Italy, though in English affairs, after the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, he was far from radical. Nevertheless, his principles remained such as would naturally lead to radicalism in his son, to which he never objected." Amberley's mother was more radical than her husband and influenced him in a way which earned her the title, among Lord John's colleagues, of "Deadly Nightshade." Kate Stanley was one of a large and vigorous family, "each with his or her own very definite opinion on religion and politics, and each disagreeing with all the others." Over these exercises presided Kate's mother, impatient of fools, "downright, free from prudery, and eighteenth-century rather than Victorian in her conversation."

Such traditions were more than safe in the hands of Amberley and his wife. Her early diaries and letters show the gradual growth of modern ideas in her mind, notwithstanding an orthodox upbringing that forbade all books likely to be unsettling. After Harrow, Amberley spent a year at Edinburgh, where, in Lord John's time, Brougham, philosophic radicalism, and the *Edinburgh Review* had flourished. Two unhappy years were spent at Cambridge, where a theological emancipation took place that was to bring his views very close to those of Herbert Spencer. After their marriage and his very short but strenuous political career, the Amberleys devoted themselves to study, writing, and the society of such people as John Stuart Mill, Lecky, Carlyle, Grote, Jowett, and John Bright, with whom they discussed such issues as a League of Nations, Home Rule, Malthusianism, deism, ecclesiastical and political reform. Mill was an especially strong influence. Having read the "Subjection of Women" Kate became an ardent and active feminist. The cumulative effect of their unorthodox views set society by the ears. "But the Amberleys had always, when possible, chosen their associates for brains, and in their later years they saw very little of the grand folk who figure in their early diaries." They brought that preference with them to the United States when in 1867 they spent four months seeing less of Mrs. Belmont, "an uninteresting little woman," and the Van Rensselaers, "who seemed very dull," and more of Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, the schools and prisons, the Oneida Settlement, Congress, and the White House.

Kate found Emerson "a very kind, gentle, amiable man; his face, smile, and accent are remarkably like Gladstone's; he talks much, and goes on a long time without any question or remark being made by the listener; when answering a question he frequently would wander on to something quite different, with but a slight connecting link. He asked me much about Carlyle, especially whether his friends did not look upon his recent course as a kind of aberration from his better self; he evidently feels great regret about Carlyle's despotic and anti-liberal views."

Everywhere in these papers there are to be found fragments stamped with the intricacies, the beauties, and the flaws of the genuine liberal design. There is the correspondence that illuminates the subtle shading of Whig into Liberal and Liberal into radical. There are the pages that bear witness to the intellectual vigor and honesty that led Amberley and his kind to take part in reform movements, to consider political questions on their merits, and to refuse to conceal their opinions whatever they might be. There is the family controversy in which are exhibited the va-

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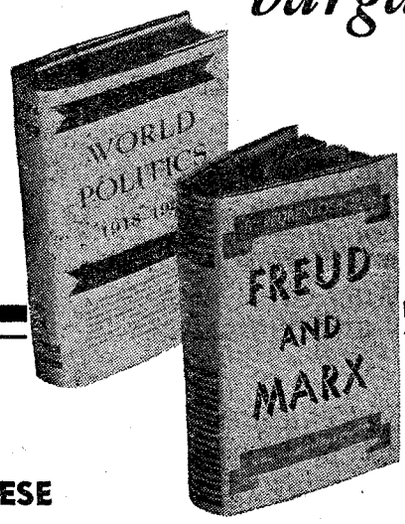

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rieties of opinion on the subject of the Paris Commune and the weaknesses of the case made for the Communards by their English champions. There is also the record of Amberley's speech to the Liberal electors of Leeds in which he took a position with regard to the extension of the franchise which illustrates perfectly that fatal absence in nineteenth-century liberalism of any real principle upon which to base reform. Should the franchise be extended from the ten-pound to the six-pound householders? Amberley searched in vain for some principle, short of universal suffrage, which would enable him to decide the question. In the special circumstances of his period the matter was not urgent; there was still half a century in which reform could be advocated in terms of more or less, faster or slower. The time was to come, however, when liberalism would find it increasingly necessary and increasingly difficult to abandon the construction of programs different from the Conservative in degree in favor of the discovery of a philosophy different in kind.

W. A. RUDLIN

Popular Science

FAMOUS AMERICAN MEN OF SCIENCE. By J. G. Crowther. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.50.

ATOMS, MEN, AND STARS. By Rogers D. Rusk. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

THE common methods of interpreting the development of science are illustrated by these two books. Dr. Rusk describes the changing scientific world, the frontier developments, the new concepts, and, what is perhaps more important, he interprets current scientific concepts in terms of their impact upon man's ideas and personal philosophy. To Dr. Rusk science is the dominating factor in society today, molding social institutions and human relations as no other single factor does. Thus it is essential to understand and analyze the scientific revolution that began with the twentieth century and, after the discovery of X-rays, radioactivity, the electron, and wireless communication, swept on to important discoveries concerning the nature of matter, light and energy.

Mr. Crowther, on the other hand, proceeds on the basis of the belief that science is just one manifestation of social organization during a particular epoch. Science takes its material from the industrial and technical conditions of the times, and its practical benefits are limited by the social and economic framework. Discussing the lives and scientific work of four of the greatest American scientists—Benjamin Franklin, Josiah W. Gibbs, Joseph Henry, and Thomas A. Edison—Mr. Crowther relates the problems with which these scientists were concerned to the social needs of the times. "The progress of science is not accidental. It is due to the needs of the society in which it occurs, and its direction is affected by the conditions of that society."

Typical of Dr. Rusk's philosophy is his discussion of science and war. He says that "those who would put the blame on science and mechanism forget the impersonal character of science." That is, science develops independent of the needs and desires of man. As science marches onward and upward, presumably, man must learn to adjust himself to newly discovered relationships. But people cannot adjust themselves or reconsider their ideas without understanding the increasingly complex developments in scientific research. In simple and clear language Dr. Rusk carefully explains the significance of frontier research, the discovery of heavy water and isotropes, electronic physics, the concepts of space-time

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and relativity, our newer knowledge of the universe, the principle of uncertainty, and the mystery of cosmic rays.

Mr. Crowther performs pioneer work in correlating the biographies of particular scientists who lived before the twentieth century with social and economic development in the United States. Benjamin Franklin was the most important scientist of the eighteenth century, for he helped to establish modern ideas of experimental science, besides transforming the study of electricity into a science. The American Constitution itself was influenced by the development of science through the systematization of Newtonian mechanics. The American system of government, characterized by checks and balances, corresponds to the Newtonian concepts of action and equal reaction and a balance of forces.

Joseph Henry was the first to discover electro-magnetic self-induction and probably preceded Faraday in the discovery of electro-magnetic induction. Henry's largest contribution, however, came as a result of his duties as first secretary of the Smithsonian Institute. He organized scientific research and developed rational methods of discovering and promoting science. Josiah Willard Gibbs laid the foundations for efficient and rationalized industry through his establishment of physical chemistry. Thomas A. Edison was the first great scientific inventor who saw invention as dependent upon industry, thus reducing invention to a rational and business activity. During preceding centuries science was encouraged and subsidized by industry and to a large extent developed along certain lines in response to the demands of commerce and industry. At the present time, however, science has become the Supreme Court from which there is no appeal, and therefore its progress cannot be ascribed completely to the outlook or material needs of society. Today science is in advance of its direct industrial application.

"Famous American Men of Science" and "Atoms, Men, and Stars" should be read together for a true picture of the present place of science in society.

JACK SCHUYLER

New Novels

THEY CAME LIKE SWALLOWS. By William Maxwell. Harper and Brothers. $2.

AT A time when novels have tended to be intricately romantic or furiously thematic or to depict the fading or the birth of an epoch, Mr. Maxwell has limited himself to the simple delineation of human relationships within a small family. Two boys and their father think about their mother for something like a fortnight, at the end of which suddenly she dies. The two weeks include the signing of the armistice at the end of the World War and the first appearance, in a Middle Western town, of the influenza epidemic. But momentous as these events are in themselves, they have very little bearing on the story. The mother might have died of pneumonia or in childbirth instead of influenza a day or so after her baby was born. The important fact is that she is dead—and that she lived and was a force beyond measurement in the family. And still more important is not the influence of world-shaking events upon men and women and children but the influence of men, women, and children upon one another. Their hates, their loves, their momentary distresses and ecstasies are brought into focus and made moving and real. The drama of fiction may very well dwell in a changing world, in the gigantic forces of society. But Mr. Maxwell, looking into the small end of a telescope and

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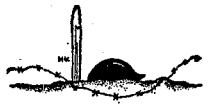

Officially and unofficially, in scores of letters, in editorials and syndicated columns, liberal and radical America has reacted sharply to Alfred M. Bingham's article — *War Mongering on the Left* (May issue of *Common Sense*). The second article of the series *Communism vs. Fascism* appears in the June issue. Along with this second article, more provocative than the first, *Common Sense* prints comments pro and con by Maury Maverick, Herbert Agar, General Johnson, Harry Elmer Barnes, Jay Franklin, Robert Morss Lovett, Rep. Teigan and the *New Masses.*

WHERE DO YOU STAND ON THIS ISSUE?

Do you believe in American intervention in Spain? Will the next war again "make the world safe for democracy?" Or will it be another imperialist war between satisfied and unsatisfied powers? Will defenders of Soviet Russia be defending democracy or dictatorship? Is fascism closer to capitalist democracy or Russian collectivism? These and many other related questions are answered with new insight in two of the year's most exciting and original articles. Read both of them. And in the same issue: SEVENTY-NINE OLD MEN by *Robert S. Allen* and *Drew Pearson;* ROOSEVELT'S SUCCESSOR? An Interview with Governor Murphy by *Georges Schreiber;* AAA IN REVERSE! by *Mordecai Ezekiel;* and FRANCE HUNTS A HITLER by *R. W. Wiley.*

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writing with skill and clarity, has created another kind of drama which, within its limits, is no less suitable and satisfying.

THE SCANDALS OF CLOCHEMERLE. By Gabriel Chevallier. Translated from the French by Jocelyn Godefroi. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

In complete contrast to Mr. Maxwell's simple naturalness, M. Chevallier is artificial, elegant, bawdy in thought but nice in language. A little French town decides that it must have a public memorial; but instead of a useless statue to a problematically great man it erects a urinal which shall be of constant benefit to at least half of the population, and with Gallic forthrightness places the object in the square across from the church. As might be expected the town is shaken to its foundations. A pro-memorial faction springs up to fight with a desperate opposition. M. Chevallier manages to be quite funny about the affair, although here and there he is perhaps over-elaborate in his witticisms. It is all a matter of taste; if you think a urinal in front of a church is amusing, then you will be amused.

LIGHT WOMAN. By Zona Gale. D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.

What happens to a nice small-town family when one of the sons brings home a young woman from the city, with the city's brittle sophistication. Since the familly really is nice, and since the young woman is nice, too, underneath her shallow smartness and her slightly phony foreign accent, it all turns out for the best. Miss Gale being Miss Gale, she has introduced into this triviality a garrulous grandma who is slightly dotty but consistently amusing. Otherwise "A Light Woman" is a pretty light novel. CAROLINE SMITH

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DRAMA

Three Men on a Rubber Check

JUST as most of the critics were packing vacation bags there suddenly erupted at the Cort Theater a breach of the peace in three acts which several of them paused long enough to call "the funniest farce of the season." Judicial review will be likely, I think, to confirm this judgment, even though "Room Service" happens to be the kind of play which even the spectator who has laughed himself sick will find it difficult to describe. For one thing a very great deal depends upon the unfailing inventiveness and verve of George Abbott's direction. For another a great deal more depends upon three of the actors who helped to make "Three Men on a Horse" a masterpiece of the same mad kind. For the sake of my own reputation, I rather wish that I did not have to report that some of the funniest incidents are concerned with the passionate attachment of one of the characters to a stuffed moose head and with his heroic refusal to sacrifice it at a hock shop: "I shot that moose myself and I ate him—right up to the neck—but nobody's going to touch the rest of him." On the morning after, I am also compelled to admit that there are passages in even the modern drama—to say nothing of the classics—probably superior as sheer wit to the dialogue between two of the schemers who haven't eaten for eighteen hours and are growing faint. But inasmuch as I laughed as heartily as the rest of the spectators I must confess that it goes something like this: "I see spots before my eyes." "So do I." "Mine are beginning to look like hamburgers." "If you see one with onions, save it for me."

In accordance with the habit of all good dramatic critics who try to keep themselves prepared to review plays like "Room Service," I have just recently reread the "Poetics" of Aristotle. He says that "manners" should be subservient to "action"; and striving to test the present work in the light of this dogma, I am puzzled to decide whether it meets the test or not, for the two elements seem almost equally important. Fundamentally the story is as old as comic fiction, but the "manners"—which I take to include whatever serves to render the action concrete—are very much of the moment. In other words, the shoestring producer of plays who is busy dodging bill collectors while living on the credit of a bad check which will take five days to bounce back from California is blood brother to ten thousand rogues whose difficulties have convulsed heartless spectators ever since credit was invented. But much that reflects upon the ways of life on the fringe as it is led today has never, I believe, been so well burlesqued. Come to think of it, there are subtleties too. Consider, if you see the play, the moment when the young playwright from Oswego enters the hotel room of the producer just as he and his aides have decided to skip and have donned several suits of clothes each and then buttoned an overcoat over all. The innocent, about to remove his own coat, suddenly realizes that the others are bundled to the ears and hastily gets back into the garment, which was already half off. Somehow, without the speaking of a word, everybody knows he has concluded in a flash that all this has something to do with the etiquette of the strange world he is about to enter, and that he is not going to betray his ignorance by taking off an overcoat in the house. That is a superb piece of direction. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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RECORDS

FOR sheer gorgeousness of sound there is nothing like Delius's music; but one work after another is the same gorgeousness under one new title after another, the only difference in later works being that the gorgeousness is further enriched, elaborated, and subtilized; and with the lack of clarity of definition in the idiom there is a lack of clarity of definition in form. As a result one may enjoy an occasional hearing of a single work—especially a work like "Brigg Fair," which is in the highly vertebrate form of theme and variations; but one may find that the several works in Volume II of the Delius Society, issued here by Columbia, are for those who like Delius in the strangely intense way that others like Mahler, Bruckner, Sibelius. On seven records ($14) the volume offers the early "Over the Hills and Far Away" and the mature "In a Summer Garden," Intermezzo from "Fennimore and Gerda," and "Sea-Drift"—the first three for orchestra, the last for orchestra, chorus, and solo baritone. The performances by the London Philharmonic, London Select Choir, and John Brownlee under the direction of Beecham are excellent; so, for the most part, is the recording.

One usually has to criticize transcriptions of Bach for overstatement, but understatement can be as bad; and of Pochon's arrangement for string quartet of the great Passacaglia and Fugue for organ I can say only that one might as well attempt to produce the effect of an El Greco with water colors. Not only is the medium too weak for the cumulative power and magnificence of the work, but it is incapable of the variety of color that is to be achieved on the organ by registration; and its worst deficiency is the lack of an equivalent for the organ's pedal tones. There is no need, then, of going into detail about the badness of the Stradivarius String Quartet's performance (Columbia: two records, $3).

The Lener Quartet set of Beethoven's Opus 18, No. 4 (Columbia: three records, $5), is in all ways good. On single Columbia discs are beautiful performances by Gieseking of Chopin's Prelude Opus 28, No. 23 and Waltz Opus 64, No. 1, Schubert's Moment Musical Opus 94, No. 3, and Brahms's Intermezzo Opus 119, No. 3 ($1); brilliant performances by Anatol Kitain of Liszt's "Feux Follets" and "Sonetto del Petrarco No. 123" ($1.50); and good performances by Beecham and the London Philharmonic of the Nocturne and Wedding March from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music ($1.50).

There is a way of avoiding the fuzzy reproduction one gets from new Columbia records while the steel needles are scraping away the loose film left by the withdrawal of the stamper. With the present batch of Columbia records I experimented with B.C.N. needles, and found that they did not affect the loose film very much and gave reproduction that was clouded only slightly and often not at all. On Beecham's Mendelssohn record the orchestral tone sounded less rich and brilliant (a test with a constant-frequency record showed that B.C.N. reproduced frequencies from 6,000 to 5,000 with less intensity than steel); but with string quartet and voice there was no appreciable loss in quality. One difficulty is that B.C.N. points tend to break under the combined pressure of (1) the great intensities of present-day orchestral recordings and (2) the needle-track error of straight-arm pick-ups. This difficulty disappears when curved-arm pick-ups are used.

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Letters to the Editors

Spain Sends Thanks

Dear Sirs: It is with much pleasure that I quote the text of a cable which I have received from the Ministry of Agriculture:

Please convey to the magazine *The Nation,* of New York City, the expression of deep gratitude from the government, in the name of the republican people of Spain who are fighting for the liberty of the world, upon the arrival of the important shipment of foodstuffs donated by the subscribers of that publication to the noncombatant population. Their wishes will be carried out, and in due time detailed information as to the distribution of this food will be forwarded.

THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE

To the above message I wish to add my heartfelt thanks for your splendid aid to this humanitarian cause.

FERNANDO DE LOS RIOS,
Spanish Ambassador

Washington, May 16

Puerto Rico

Dear Sirs: I noticed in your issue of April 17 a letter from Mr. Santiago Iglesias in which he minimizes the Ponce (Puerto Rico) massacre of March 21 last, saying, "Eighteen people were wounded of whom ten fatally." I have watched how carefully the true figures, and a true account of what happened at Ponce, are being kept from the American public. Twenty citizens were killed in Ponce on Palm Sunday, and nearly 200 were wounded; the Nationalist boys were not armed, certainly not with rifles, and so far there is no evidence that anyone except the police, under the direct order of the Puerto Rico Chief of Police, Colonel Orbeta, fired. Women and children were slaughtered, and tear gas, bombs, machine-guns, rifles, and revolvers—not to mention clubs—were used most savagely against harmless citizens, as is proved by the many photographs taken that morning in Ponce. When at last the truth about conditions in Puerto Rico is written, the American public will blush with shame.

J. GOWEN WASHBURN

San Juan, Puerto Rico, May 4

Dear Sirs: According to the letter from Mr. Iglesias, resident commissioner of Puerto Rico in Washington, in which he protested against the article by Oswald Garrison Villard published in *The Nation* of April 3, the dastardly massacre of Puerto Ricans in Ponce perpetrated by the colonial police under implicit orders of Governor Winship was the result of leniency shown by the colonial government in handling prior incidents arising from dissatisfaction of the Puerto Rican people, or some faction of that people, with American misrule.

Evidently Mr. Iglesias thinks that the colonial government should have been practicing open-air mass murder long before now, encouraged by the piratical axiom that "dead men tell no tales," and that everyone in the island would be willing to forgo the right of his children to happiness and freedom for the mere pittance that political panhandlers and carpetbaggers of the New Deal may dole out to the islanders.

The readers of *The Nation* must understand that so long as Puerto Rico remains politically and economically exploited, so long as it is not made a free nation by an act of the United States Congress, we Puerto Ricans can never be good friends of American nationals or even sympathetic to American principles and ideals,

J. M. GARCIA CASANOVA

Flushing, N. Y., May 11

Dear Sirs: Your article in the April 3 issue on Liberty and Death in Puerto Rico has been brought to my attention. I realize that living conditions in Puerto Rico could be improved; however, it cannot be accomplished within a few years. Previous to 1932, if I remember correctly, there was no agitation for independence and no political disorders; the depression to a great extent retarded further progress. Our federal government came to the assistance of the Puerto Rican people during this period through home relief, building of concrete homes, and many projects which will show results in years to come. The Roosevelt Administration has contributed $40,000,000 for this purpose.

Only recently the Puerto Rican legislature commended Governor Winship for his courage in striving to improve both the political and economic conditions of the island. The occasional demonstrations for "independence" by some members of the Nationalist Party, whose voting strength is less than 5 per cent of the total population, are most deplorable, for the agitation does not represent the sentiments of the great majority of the people, who will resist the efforts of a minor group to change their relationship to the United States. C. T.

Woodhaven, N. Y., May 12

Of *Time* and Mr. Luce

Dear Sirs: A reprint of page 502 of the May 1 issue of *The Nation* should go to every subscriber of *Time, Life,* and *Fortune.* Good work!

MAYNARD DIXON

San Francisco, Cal., May 6

And Mr. Carney

Dear Sirs: I should like to thank Dwight Macdonald for the first of his three articles about Henry Luce and Time, Inc. He has justified a move I made some months ago when I suspected Mr. Luce's fascist leanings and decided to terminate my subscription to *Time.*

The Nation's stand against William P. Carney of The New York *Times* is admirable. What puzzles me is how such a great newspaper can tolerate the biased and untruthful dispatches of Mr. Carney, who, as his articles indicate, seems to be enjoying General Mola's slaughter of the Basques immensely.

JACOB H. JAFFE

Jersey City, N. J., May 7

Credit Due

Dear Sirs: It is stated on the title page of "The Economics of the Iron and Steel Industry" that the work is published by the McGraw-Hill Book Company for the Bureau of Business Research, University of Pittsburgh. It appears to me that Mr. Macdonald's review, in your issue of May 8, should have mentioned the bureau as the organization responsible for the investigation and for publication of the findings.

Your readers will, of course, understand that I do not in any wise detract from the full credit due the authors.

RALPH S. WATKINS, Director
Bureau of Business Research,
University of Pittsburgh

Pittsburgh, Pa., May 13

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Spain Needs—

[The Nation *lacks space to reprint the many letters received from organizations requesting aid in various forms for the Loyalist cause in Spain. For the benefit of our readers who appreciate the vital necessity of helping in any way they can, we print below a list of the organizations and the special needs to be filled.*]

FOOD. In order to make its funds go as far as possible in the purchase of foodstuffs, chiefly flour, sugar, milk, and canned goods, the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy desires to establish contact with manufacturers of food products, millers, food merchants, and cooperative food organizations. Write to Purchasing Office of Committee, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

FOSTER-PARENTS. Two hundred persons are wanted to become the foster-parents of two hundred Spanish children in Loyalist territory. The sum of twenty-five cents a day guaranteed for one year will save one of the thousands of homeless children. The scheme is sponsored by John Langdon Davies on behalf of the National Joint Committee for Spanish Relief. Write to "Foster-Parents," 35 Marsham Street, London, S. W. 1, England.

BOOKS. Books and magazines in all languages are urgently wanted for the hospitals of Loyalist Spain. Send whatever you can spare to the warehouse of the North American Committee, 227 West Seventeenth Street, New York.

MONEY. In order that more relief workers with food, clothing, and medical supplies for refugee children on both sides may be sent by the American Friends' Service Committee in cooperation with the Federal Council of Churches and the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Write to Spanish Child Feeding Mission, 20 South Twelfth Street, Philadelphia.

LETTERS. Modern Age Books, Inc., will publish an anthology of letters from men and women of all nationalities who have gone to Spain to aid the Loyalist cause. Those who have received letters of this type or know of possible sources of such material are urgently requested to communicate at once with Marcel Acier, 152 Thompson Street, New York.

TRANSLATORS. Volunteers sympathetic to the Loyalist cause to translate into English verse the balladry of the civil war. Write to Rolfe Humphries, League of American Writers, 125 East Twenty-fourth Street, New York.

MEDICAL SUPPLIES. Money is urgently needed to purchase medical supplies for Loyalist hospitals. Medical Bureau of American Friends of Spanish Democracy, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

CIGARETTES, CHOCOLATE, books, magazines, razor blades, and medical supplies are wanted for shipment to the American soldiers fighting in Spain. Friends of the Lincoln Battalion, 125 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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CONTRIBUTORS

ROBERT S. ALLEN is coauthor with Drew Pearson of "Nine Old Men" and of the syndicated newspaper column Washington Merry-Go-Round.

ROBERT DELL, the *Manchester Guardian's* correspondent in Geneva, has had a long and distinguished career as a journalist. His articles on critical developments in Europe have appeared several times in *The Nation* during the last year.

JAMES RORTY, who wrote a series of articles on medical politics and economics for *The Nation* last summer, is looking for a sufficiently courageous publisher to issue an extended treatment of the subject in book form.

MURIEL RUKEYSER is the author of "Theory of Flight," a first book of verse which placed her in the front rank of the younger American poets.

RAYMOND GRAM SWING, for many years a foreign correspondent in England and on the Continent, was later an editor of *The Nation*. He is now a radio commentator on foreign affairs over WOR.

KENNETH BURKE, author of "Permanence and Change" and other books, is a lecturer on literary criticism at the New School for Social Research during the current term.

RAYMOND WEAVER is associate professor of English at Columbia University, where he has been conducting special studies in classical antiquity and the Italian Renaissance.

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